July 20, 1929 REF. STACK

THE NEW YORKER

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If the softening patina of age caresses these fragments of a striving spirit, they are definitely enhanced.

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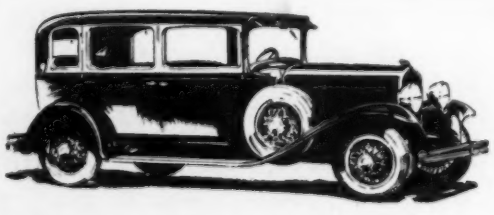

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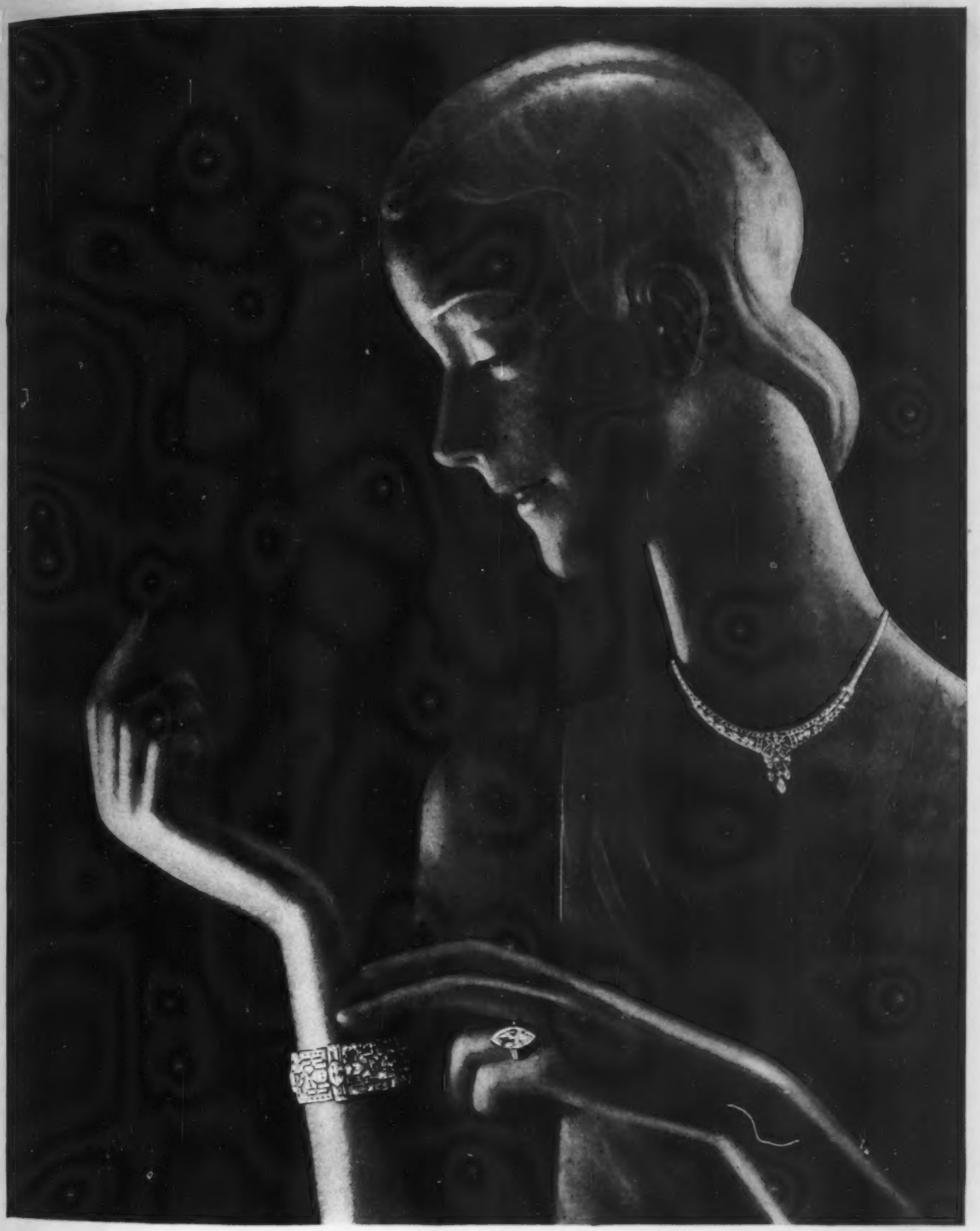

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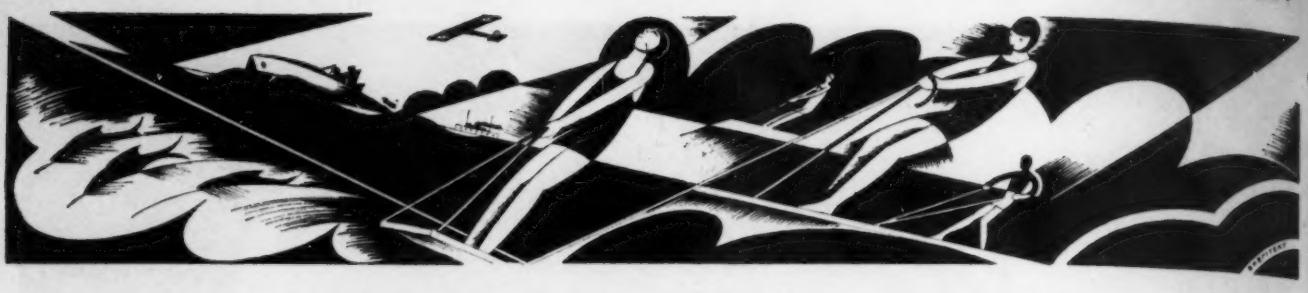

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JULY 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 27. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M., for attractions listed under "PLAYS:" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., for those under "WITH MUSIC:" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Agreeable farcical comedy by John Drinkwater, which centres about an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—The Guild in a frivolous mood does an insignificant Cinderella play but does it beautifully. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—An extraordinarily fine play of British gentlemen fighting a gentlemen's war. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LET US BE GAY—An amusing tempest in a Westchester teapot, with Francine Larrimore as the cause of it all. (Little, 44, W. Mat. 2:45 P.M.)

NICE WOMEN—A wisecracking flapper gets her millionaire. (Longacre, 48, W.)

STREET SCENE—Life, love, and sudden death in a New York tenement vividly portrayed. This season's Pulitzer prizewinner. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

WITH MUSIC

BOMBOOLA—All-colored musical comedy. Entertaining, if you can overlook a dull plot. (Royale, 45, W.)

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Typical Earl Carroll show, with better comedy than usual and the same high-grade girls. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—Gay and fast, with corking music and plenty of comedy. Recommended unreservedly. (46th Street, 46, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—The music, dancing, and comedy are all there. One of the best. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—Black-and-tan revue. Very good in spots but not quite up to the standard set by "Blackbirds." (Hudson, 44, E. Mat. Thurs. Special performance Tues. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—Smart, witty, and refreshingly unpretentious revue, in which Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen figure prominently. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE NEW MOON—Grave, operatic doings in old New Orleans, enlivened by Gus Shy and some superior dance routines. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—Venice? Hardly. But you'll find typical Shubert revue numbers, broad comedy, the tumbling Michons, and Ted Healy. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW GIRL—An uninspired stage-Cinderella story which you'll probably enjoy because of Jimmy Durante, Ruby Keeler Jolson, and Ziegfeld trimmings. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

•

HOBOKEN—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," Dion Boucicault's mellowest of melodramas, produced in the spirit of the palmy days, can be seen at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is a few blocks from the theatre. By motor, use Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—Willie and Eugene Howard, Nina Gordani, Grace Hayes, and Lulu McConnell will be at the Palace Fri., July 19. Albert Carroll will be there for the week starting Sat., July 20. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47; 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

FOR DINING AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Italian Garden for dinner dancing in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Joseph Urban's modernistic decorations and orchestras under the direction of Emil Coleman and Leo Reisman. Dancing during dinner and after the theatre.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Cool and attractive: Rudy Vallée, in person, and his band, after the theatre.*

ROOFS—Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), transformed into a Persian Garden; open for dinner and dancing until 11:30 P.M. Must dress. . . . St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), Urban decorations and Vincent Lopez music; open until 2 A.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100), a fine view of the harbor. . . . Other aerial places: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33. Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, isn't a roof, but is cool nevertheless.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Typical night clubs of this kind are: Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, open-air, with Jack White; and Casanova Roof, 134 W. 52, Frances Williams and Jack Smith entertaining.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134, are among the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go very late.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—Less than an hour's drive from Times Square: Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, dinner and dancing on the terrace; open until 2 A.M. . . . Woodmansten Inn, Pelham P'kway and Williamsbridge Rd., Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., music by Abe Lyman and his Californians; open until 2 A.M. . . . Show Place, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., Texas Guinan and her gang; open all night. . . . Coney Island jaunters in search of sea-food dinners might try: Feltmans' Maple Garden, Surf Ave., Coney Island; and Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

ALIBI—The police and the crooks in one of the speediest and most exciting pictures of

(Continued on page 6)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
A REPORTER AT LARGE	26
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	34
TEE AND GREEN	36
THE RACE TRACK	43
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	46
ABOUT THE HOUSE	48
OUT OF TOWN	57
LONDON LETTER	60
THE TENNIS COURTS	64
THE SKY LINE	67
THE CURRENT CINEMA	69
YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN	71
POPULAR SHEET MUSIC	75
RECENT BOOKS	77
AMONG THE NEW BOOKS	78

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JULY 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 27. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

(Continued from page 4)

the year. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; Fri., July 19, last day; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Superior to the general run of thrillers. Ronald Colman is the rescuing hero. (Apollo, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

THE FOUR FEATHERS—War and romance in Africa, with especially fine pictures of the jungle animals. Silent. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

PICCADILLY—A London night club and a girl from Limehouse make this British film good entertainment. Silent. (Little Carnegie Playhouse, 146 W. 57; performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

THUNDERBOLT—Another underworld drama enriched by George Bancroft's special talent for portraying the heavy villain. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10:30 A.M.; closes Fri., July 26.)

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—Norma Shearer in an entertaining movie made from the popular melodrama. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., July 20-22; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat., July 27; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Charming Sinners," Ruth Chatterton does very well in this adaptation of Somerset Maugham's "The Constant Wife;" "The Cocoanuts," the musical show transferred to the stage with great success for the Marx Brothers; "Madame X," highly effective talkie devised from the big old heartbreak drama, featuring Ruth Chatterton.

ART

DECORATION—Another show of what is called Modern Art, for home use: Contempora Exposition of Art and Industry, Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Masters of the French school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

INTERNATIONAL—Some of the American left wing, with foreigners of a kindred spirit: Neumann, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

MUSIC

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts daily at 8:45 P.M.: Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. on Central Park Mall. . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. on N. Y. U. Campus. (Take East Side-Jerome Ave. subway to N. Y. U.-Burnside Ave. Sta. and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting, through Thurs., July 25; Albert Coates starts conducting Fri., July 26; nightly at 8:30. (Note: Hall Johnson Negro Choir will present a program of spirituals on Mon. and Tues. Eves., July 22 and 23.): Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway or Bus No. 5.)

OUTDOOR OPERA—Starlight Opera, "Rigoletto," Thurs., July 25, at 8:30 P.M.: Starlight Stadium, Bronx River at 177. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177 St. Sta.) . . . Verdi's "Aïda," Sat., July 27, at 8:30 P.M.: Polo Grounds. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

ON THE AIR

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts on N. Y. U. Campus broadcast Sat. Eves., July 20 and 27, at 8:45 P.M., over WJZ.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Shilkret conducting: Sat. Eves., July 20 and 27, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

CHAMBER MUSIC—Quartet of old-world instruments: Sun., July 21, at 2:30 P.M., over WEAF.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting: Sun., July 21, at 8:30 P.M., and Tues., July 23, at 9:30 P.M., over WOR.

LIGHT OPERA—"The Shogun," by Gustav Luders and George Ade: Sun., July 21, at 10:15 P.M., over WJZ. . . . "Yeomen of the Guard," by Gilbert and Sullivan: Wed., July 24, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Romberg's "My Maryland," Act II: Fri., July 26, at 9:30 P.M., over WJZ.

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—Sun., July 21, at 11:30 P.M., over WEAF.

MORMON CHOIR—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir of 300 voices: Mon., July 22, at 6 P.M., over WJZ.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., July 23, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri., July 19 at 3:15 P.M., Sat. and Sun., July 20 and 21 at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3). . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Detroit, Tues. through Thurs., July 23-25 at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Fri. and Sat., July 26 and 27 at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or East Side-Jerome Ave. subway.)

BOXING—Al Singer vs. André Routis, will be the main bout of the Boxing Carnival for the benefit of the Wingate Fund: Ebbets Field, Sullivan St., near Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, Wed. Eve., July 24; preliminaries at 8:15 P.M. (Take B. M. T.-Brighton Line train to Prospect Park.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Open Championship, Lido C. C., Long Beach, L. I., last two days, Fri. and Sat., July 19 and 20.

HORSE SHOWS—Fairfield County Hunt Club Show, Westport, Conn., last two days, Fri. and Sat., July 19 and 20. . . . Stamford Horse Show, Sunaim Farm, Westover-Bangall Rd., Stamford, Conn., Wed. through Sat., July 24-27.

POLO—Play at Fleischmann Field, Port Washington, L. I., every Sun. Aft. at 4. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 2:24 P.M.). . . . Play for the Junior Championship continues at the Rumson C. C., Rumson, N. J.

RACING—Empire City track, Yonkers; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., through Sat., July 27. (Special trains leave Grand Central at 1:20 and 1:44 P.M.)

TENNIS—Oxford-Cambridge vs. Yale-Harvard, on the Casino courts, Newport, R. I., Fri. and Sat., July 19 and 20.

TRACK—International Intercollegiate Meet: Oxford-Cambridge vs. Cornell-Princeton, Travers Island, N. Y., Sat., July 20, at 4 P.M.

YACHTING—Larchmont Yacht Club Race Week, Sat., July 20 through Sat., July 27.

NOTE—Two of the best pools in town are located in the Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.), and the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight). The pool in the Barbizon, Lexington at 63, is for women only.

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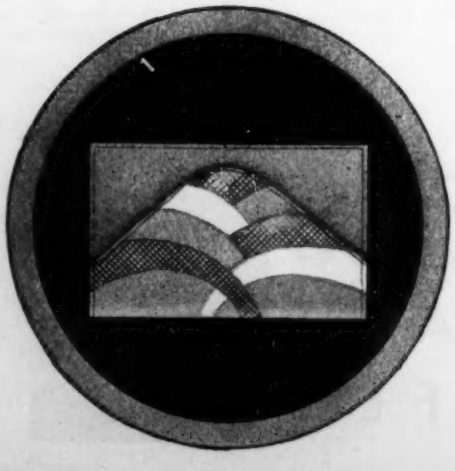

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handbag 16.50

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CHICAGO

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

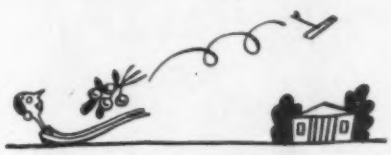
IN the course of a conversation with a friend, it turned out that we both suffered from a strange anemia which neither of us could explain. He

thought it might be weather, or hives. It was only after we compared notes further that we arrived at a true diagnosis. We decided that our health had been materially affected by the complete disappearance of Calvin Coolidge from the picture sections. Just think, it's upwards of a year since we've seen a photograph of Calvin holding a fish. That's bound to show up in a man's general condition.

NOT the adventures of Alice in Wonderland are quite as diverting as the adventures of Grover in Gangland. We have read of the new secret squad—their shy comings and goings, their marvellous anonymity, and their exceeding guile. We have read of their dark rendezvous with their

chief, who, to keep his identity secret, has no secretary. Just what effect this will have on the racketeers of the underworld (who are very busy anyway) is hard to predict. Our hunch is that Gangland won't be big enough to hold everybody, and that some of the gangsters or maybe some of the secret detectives will have to move out of the territory altogether—possibly over into Soconyland.

THROUGH a rift in the white clouds over Great Neck, there fell to earth, on a Sunday not long ago, a bunch of red roses. They dropped on a broad lawn, and were picked up by a lady who expected them. She listened for a moment to the motor of the plane overhead, pressed the roses to her cheek, and went into the house. The gift of flowers from the air had been prearranged by the aviator, as a kind of farewell to romance. He had taken up flying in the belief that it was the one romantic calling in an unromantic age. Later he had discovered



that there was no money in being an aviator and had resolved to come down from the sky and take up law, so that he could earn a living which would allow him to marry. The roses were his gesture of renunciation. Somehow, we feel that his problem was universal. We are going to watch pretty carefully to see whether he passes his bar examinations.

A LITERARY cove tried to tell us the other day that many first-class writers fail. He said their work wasn't recognized. He said newspapers and magazines were turning down literature equal to Shakespeare. He said the whole thing was luck. Well, if he means that Anita Loos was lucky to have made more money from "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" than Sylvia Townsend Warner made from "Mr. Fortune's Maggot," we agree. But if he means that good writing is being rejected, we take time to argue. It isn't. When something good is written, it is published. Even when something lousy is written, it is published. Our conviction, on looking at a book-counter or a magazine-stand, is that *everything* that is written is published, and that if any first-class writers are failing, it must be because they are too busy to hand in their stuff.

ONE thing the summer does for young men is to put ideas into their heads. We came through West Forty-fifth Street yesterday and saw two Harvard Club men sitting very still in chairs in the open window. They were still as mice. The chairs were big, ample; the young men pressed their heads back and stared straight ahead. They looked like Union Leaguers except that they were young and in the pink of condition. We then concluded that they actually were trying to ape the Union League tradition—had settled themselves in chairs, in the prime of life, and refrained from twitching through sheer brawn. They had decided to sit and

look securely at life. But you can't do that in a side street: people get laughing.

Chicago 1, Rome 0

A CHICAGOAN, large, amiable, civic-spirited, a guest at a party

here, kept guiding the conversation to Chicago and its wonders. His host kept deftly guiding it away. The host even got it as far as Rome, Italy. The man from Chicago was not daunted. "More water," he said, "spouts from Buckingham Fountain, in Grant Park, in half an hour, than from all the fountains in Rome in a whole day."

The Barrymores

ETHEL BARRYMORE is on her way to Los Angeles, giving performances of her repertoire in cities along the way. She will stay there a month, during which the Barrymores will all be together. This makes it as good a time as any to check up on them.

Ethel will not make movies but will return here in the fall to play the negress in "Scarlet Sister Mary." The talkie people have made her offers but she keeps putting them off. She has said that if she ever does go into the talkies she will act only under Lionel's direction, for she believes he is the only person who knows much about the new invention. He directed "Madame X," one of the better talkies, and while doing so developed a "sound dissolve" to accompany the screen fadeout. Lionel is all wrapped up in directing. He spends most of his time on sets, wearing rough clothes, sometimes not shaving for a couple of days, eating his meals restlessly or missing them. He lives in a modest house but goes there only to sleep. John, of course, hasn't allowed the movies to get him down this way. He shaves, dresses, and eats as always, and lives in style in a mansion on the highest point in Beverly Hills. He gets around more, and keeps a yacht handy. It is highly unlikely that either of the brothers will ever return to the stage.

Miss Barrymore's children, to get into the next generation, will, as far as anyone can tell now, follow the family tradition of going on the stage. Her oldest son, Russell, now on a trip around the world, took part in amateur dramatics at his school, which he attended under the family name, Blythe. Someone who saw him act and didn't know who he was mentioned to his mother that he had happened to see a very talented boy on the stage, named Blythe. This pleased her greatly. Her younger son is travelling with her. Her daughter, who graduated this spring from the Academy of Notre Dame, which Miss Barrymore and her mother also attended, will prepare for the stage in Paris and eventually join her mother's company at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. Incidentally, having a theatre named after her bothered Miss Barrymore somewhat. She found it impossible to direct taxi-drivers to a playhouse bearing her own name. She usually gave an address in the same block, got out, and walked the rest of the way. It may not be generally known that she was the E. M. Blythe credited with directing her plays. She directs patiently and carefully, and her cast likes her. With this responsibility, she isn't always perfect in her lines. When "The Constant Wife" opened in Cleveland a prompter was stationed in the fireplace of the set and had to help her frequently. Her imperfections weren't noticeable but after the show she gave Somerset Maugham, the author, a hug and a kiss and said, "Oh, Willie, I've ruined your beautiful play." And it may not be generally known that when her producers advertised one of her plays in the same space with "Boom Boom," she called up Mr. Lee Shubert and demanded to know what "Boom Boom" was. She is, incidentally, one of the few people of the stage who have a telephone in the theatre. She had one put in following the birth of her first child, so that she could call the hospital and learn how he was. Since, she has always had an instrument on her dressing-table.

No Action

A WAG recently sent a letter in one of those special red, white, and blue air-mail envelopes, fully stamped

for flight, from Forty-fifth Street to Fifty-seventh Street. His purpose was to impress a girl. The Post Office Department has approved the envelope for air mail only. It says on the back: "Use for other purposes not permitted." The fellow's bravado wore off as night came on. He went sleepless, expecting arrest. Next day, gaunt and worn, he learned the letter had been delivered just like any other letter.

Names of Tugs

THERE was a poem in THE NEW YORKER a while back about the Meseck tugboats. It got us interested in names of tugs. Most of the tugs in the harbor are named after people, and the people all belong to three or four happily prolific families.

There are more Morans in the river than Mesecks, but the place bristles with both families. Families turn out almost en masse for the arrival of a ship like the Majestic, and you'll have Carrie Meseck (wife of the president) tugging at a line while Walter L. and Joseph Meseck (her sons) and James A. McKenna (Mrs. Meseck's half-brother) push against the starboard side. You may even have George A. Keogh helping. He got into the Meseck fleet because they ran out of members of the family.

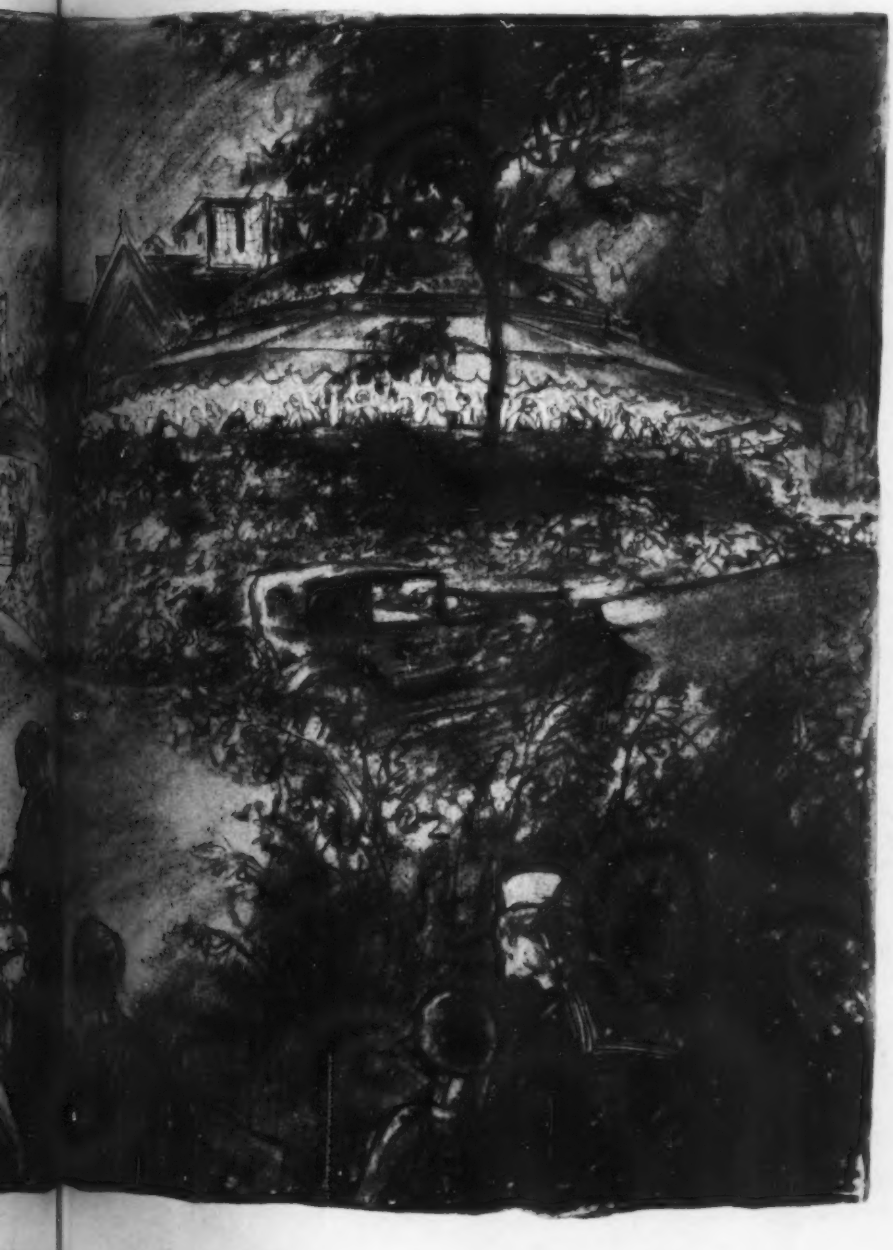
The Moran Towing & Transportation Company has sixteen galleons, everyone of them a Moran. The present situation is that they have no more Morans, but they say that in the event of launching a new boat, they can always dig up a deceased relative.

Strange things happen in tug families. The E. E. Barrett fleet, for instance, has a boat named R. J. Barrett and also a boat named Richard J. Barrett. Searching inquiry reveals that this tug is named after one and the same person, namely, R. (or shall we say Richard?) J. Barrett. There is also a boat of the Barrett fleet named the E. H. Dendell. Mr. Dendell seems to be a friend of the family.

The outstanding exception to this family feeling in tug circles is the Dauntless Towing Line, Inc. Their ships are simply called Dauntless No. 1, Dauntless No. 2, Dauntless No. 3, Dauntless No. 4, Dauntless No. 5, and Dauntless No. 6. The gentleman who owns the company (whom we like to think of as Mr. Dauntless) told us that he thought a name like Dauntless was better advertising than the owner's name. He didn't tell us his name.

The Merritt-Chapman & Scott Corporation is not a tug but a salvage company. The names of their boats are interesting. They are: Homer, Champion, Relief, Chancellor, Commissioner, Alert, Resolute, Chaser, Courageous, and Little Heron; then, inspiration apparently failing, L. H. Merritt, Rose A., and Chapman Bros.

Our favorite harbor craft is neither a tug nor a salvage boat. It is Fleetwing, the garbage barge.



Dempsey's Later Manner

ONE of the New York friends of the Jack Dempseys, a lady, got a telephone call from the ex-champion the other morning. He was quite nervous. He explained that his wife was arriving the next day and had wired ahead from Chicago a formidable shopping list of feminine apparel which he was to have ready upon her arrival. Dempsey wanted his friend's help. She said that she was sorry she couldn't accompany him because she just simply had to paint her apartment that day—she was subletting and some people were coming to look at it next morning. Dempsey, thinking quick, said he would paint the apartment if she would do the shopping. To this she agreed and shortly Dempsey appeared, dressed in old trousers and all. He went at the work with gusto, and when the lady returned late in the afternoon, it looked as if he had done a pretty good job. Next morning, however, a peculiarity in his technique became apparent. Obviously he had abandoned his smooth

right swing altogether, in favor of short jabs. The result was splotches. While the lady was fretting about this her prospective tenants, a couple, arrived. The first thing they did was indicate dissatisfaction with the appearance of the woodwork. The wife was against taking the place. She was in the midst of saying so, frankly, when her husband's eye lit upon an autographed photograph of Dempsey on the mantel. "Do you know *him?*" he asked. "Yes," replied the lady, and added: "As a matter of fact he's the man that painted the woodwork." That settled it. "We'll take the place," said the man, who has since been quite busy showing it off to his friends.

The Furious Orlando

THE longest-run show in town isn't on Broadway at all. It is the marionette theatre of Agrippino Manteo, at 109 Mulberry Street, near the Bowery. They opened last March, and since then they have been working steadily through the innumerable episodes of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," at the rate of one episode a night. They expect to finish the epic some time in 1932. Then the Manteos plan to buy a truck and drive to California, giving performances along the way.

This isn't the first time Mr. Manteo has put on this immortal work. It is his specialty, as it was of his father before him, who ran a marionette theatre in the town of Grammichele, in Sicily, where Mr. Manteo was born. He is an electrician by trade, but "Orlando Furioso" gets the better of him ever so often. Every few years he has been hiring a little hall somewhere in the Italian quarter, erecting a stage, and producing parts of the play. The story, as all may know, is mainly about Charlemagne, the Saracens, and the mad knight Orlando; it is a swashbuckling business, full of miraculous doings.

The production is a family affair. Mrs. Manteo collects quarters at the door. Agrippino Junior sells soda-pop and bags of *lupine*—pickled navy beans—in the audience. Backstage, Mr. Manteo, with the aid of two sons, Mike and Giovanni, manipulates the knights and reads their lines, while a daughter, Ida, handles the female parts, mostly angels and princesses. Between the acts another son, Dominic, gives exhibitions of tap dancing.

The marionettes are only slightly less than life-size, and weigh about a hundred pounds. Being so heavy, they cannot be worked by the tiny wires used on more modern marionettes; it's done by iron bars. The actions they make are quite simple. Sometimes the Pope of Rome meets the Grand Khan of Asia and they have a long conversation, or an angel descends from the flies to comfort a fallen hero, but for the most part the plot consists of knights banging their shields and hammering each other with swords. In spite of their solid construction they soon weaken under this rough handling, and the Manteos are kept busy repairing them and making new ones.

They have about five hundred puppets, all made in the completest authenticity, even to the devices of the various knights and the embroidery on the ladies' dresses, which Mrs. Manteo works with her own needle. Orlando himself is cross-eyed. This, the Manteos explain, is to show his madness.

•

MISS BEATRICE LILLIE, in Hollywood, was taken to a high building one evening by a Californian who pointed out to her the features of the city, including the Los Angeles welkin and its stars. "Beautiful," said the comedienne, "but so artificial! Some night I just know all those stars will come together and spell 'Marion Davies.'"

Rosewood and Cookies

THERE are many stories about Dean's, the caterers, and last year when the old firm moved we told some of them. We hadn't heard, however, about the famous cake rollers. These are about a hundred years old and are made of the finest rosewood, highly polished, and carved deeply with designs of roses, lilies, crouching lions, and other fancies. After they are rolled over a certain stiff dough, used for making little cakes, the dough is cut apart, leaving one fancy impression to each cake. Some years ago Mr. Conger, founder of the firm of Lewis & Conger, came in and asked to see the little rollers—they are only about five inches long. Mr. Charles Dean had them brought from the kitchen. The visitor cried out in delight, for carved on the ends of each roller he found the name J. Conger. This was his father, Mr. Conger explained. The elder Conger had been a woodcarver, and many years before had made the rollers for Henry Dean, founder of the catering firm. They have decorated cakes for New York folk for almost a century.

Musicians

AN anecdote we recently printed about Paderewski going to the home of a blind musician and playing for him has recalled this delightful, if perhaps twice-told, tale about the master. He was strolling through the streets of a small town before a concert when he heard, coming from a humble house whose door bore the legend "Miss Jennie Marsh, Music Teacher," the notes of his own Minuet, atrociously played. Unable to endure the mangling of his composition without protest, Paderewski knocked, and when Miss Marsh opened the door he introduced himself and asked if he might play the Minuet for her. Flustered, delighted, trembling, Miss Marsh led the master to the piano and spent a charmed half hour while he not only played the selection but pointed out to her some of her most glaring faults. A year later, Paderewski was in the same town, to play another concert, and chanced to pass the teacher's house again. There was a new sign on the door, emblazoned in gold lettering, which read: "Miss Jennie Marsh, Music Teacher. Pupil of Paderewski."

WHILE on the subject of music, we might tell about Mr. Werckle. Mr. Werckle is special piano-tuner for Mme. Jeritza. He is a remarkably able

tuner, and Jeritza holds him in high regard. She even lets him take Burscherl von Hoferheim, her dachshund, out for airings. Mr. Werckle also helps out with the canned pineapple. The singer always eats one slice of pineapple before singing, and always opens a fresh can. Her husband, Baron von Popper, eats one slice, too. Mr. Werckle frequently eats the remaining ten.

Amiable Machines

WE got an invitation card from the Museums of the Peaceful Arts bearing a picture of a man and the legend, "See this picture glow in the darkness." We at once darkened a room and saw the man glow. It's done by a process called strobolite, which seems to have possibilities, although we don't know quite what. Later, being in West Fortieth Street, we went in. The Museums are at No. 24, the Scientific American Building, one on the seventh floor, one on the eighth. All sorts of machines are scattered about on tables and you are allowed to work them yourself by pushing buttons. It's all in the interest of progress. No one tries to sell you a *Scientific American*. One miniature movie-machine shows a bullet in flight. The picture was taken through a process invented by a Japanese baron named Shiba. He has also photographed moving air and you can see that. A hiss into another machine sets sound waves in action and you can see them moving. The visitor is invited to blow cigarette smoke into a contraption (ashtray provided) which makes visible the molecules that make up smoke. Under a microscope you may see how you bend a steel rail by the pressure of your finger. You don't bend it much, only a millionth of an inch or so. A contrivance tests one's reaction to electricity. We jumped after one nineteen-thousandths of a second, practically a record. Shows nervous, apprehensive condition.

In a corner are two innocent-looking thick planks, each four feet long. One can be lifted by the thumb and forefinger. This is balsa wood, the lightest in the world—its volume being ninety-four per cent air. They use it for ping-pong paddles and other toys. The other can scarcely be lifted by using both hands. It's lignum-vitae, the world's heaviest wood. They use it for lots of things, including bed casters and polo balls.

The collection was started in 1913 by a group of businessmen. For the last two years it has been in the present museum, which is mainly supported by a bequest of more than two and a half million dollars from the late Henry R. Towne.

"Never lose your contact with the soil, Collins. I did, and I have paid dearly."

Technique

THE gentleman's dinner check was three dollars. The gentleman gave the waiter a ten-dollar bill. The waiter brought back the change on a little tray—some bills, some silver, and a small napkin, folded. The gentleman left a tip and was about to depart when he was inspired to count the change. It was a dollar short. He summoned the waiter, who began to conduct a search, which ended with the discovery of two half dollars in the fold of the napkin. This greatly surprised both the gentleman and the waiter.

—THE NEW YORKERS

"Not a very homey boat, is it?"

THE DOILY MENACE

MY trouble with doilies dates way back. I was a child when they first started to bother me. Now, having attained my full growth, I still suffer from them.

The first real difficulty came as a result of my not knowing what the word doily meant. I heard it used around the house, but, as sometimes happens, I did not immediately connect the object with the word. Result: I concluded that doilies had something to do with sex, which frightened me. (Whenever, as a child, I failed to understand words, I attributed the fact to my ignorance of sexology. Doily was a word made for the purpose—it sounded a little bit shady, and sex, if you remember, was shady up until about 1919.) So I went around not daring to ask my mother what a doily was. I didn't dare ask her about babies; why should I ask her about doilies?

The dictionary was no help, because I thought doily was spelled "doylee." As I look back, the dictionary seems to have helped me very little in any of my troubles. Ours was a Webster's mounted on a tripod in a room called "Albert's room," and it was pretty evasive about the words that interested me most. I let doily go as a bad job. Maybe, I reasoned, it was such a dirty word they couldn't even put it in the dictionary.

THE next doily trouble I had came in my early restaurant days. Of course, by that time I had learned what doilies were, but I had not learned to watch out for them. One evening I ate one. It was a paper doily. It was served to me under a slice of pie, in a restaurant in Eighth Street. The restaurant was dimly lit, and I was young. I ate the pie and the doily with it, dreamily forking it down, uncritical and inattentive. Just as I was finishing I discovered my mistake—a small paper fragment remained, a telltale trace, dogeared and limp. I was considerably upset. For about three days thereafter I kept expecting death. My thoughts, like my stomach, were all disarranged and went round in my head like little swirls of paper on city sidewalks in a windstorm. I could think only in phrases, not sentences; phrases like "deadly cellulose," "paper wadding," "traced to his having once swallowed a foreign object," "made from old rags." I felt miserable. I was quite sure that my doily was growing, inside me. Paper swells.

THAT episode ended at last. Things blew over. I forgot doilies in the mad pleasures of life as a young advertising man. Months, even years, rolled along, peaceably enough. My early fears had been dissipated, I was getting along better with sex, Havelock Ellis had come and gone, restaurants no longer bemused me to the extent that I ate their pastries paper and all, and—to make my happiness complete—Spring was again here. I remember it was a lovely night in early May that I was invited to dine at the home of a lady of such vast beauty and elegant demeanor that I trembled to think of my own good fortune.

I went. My hostess was a play-actress, and like all play-actresses she received me well and treated me with courtesy—even with, I thought, affection. Also, like all play-actresses, she was to serve cocoanut-cream pudding for dessert. I knew, of course, that it was coming, and I was ready.

"No, Joe, Jock's father was Payne Whitney."

My dessert plate came on, a transparent glass plate. On it was a finger-bowl. I was ready for that, too. "My lovely hostess," I thought to myself, "can't make a simpleton out of me simply by serving a finger-bowl on a dessert plate." Quite casually I removed the finger-bowl, set it to one side, leaving the dessert plate free to receive the dessert when it should be passed.

Free? Yes, I thought that. Reader, it looked like a free plate to me. Even while I was helping myself to spoonful after spoonful of delicious cocoanut-cream pudding, it looked like a free plate to me. Not till a moment later, when I dug down with my fork and brought up out of the soggy depths a fine Italian linen doily, saturated, as only an Italian linen doily can be, with pudding, did I realize how far from free the plate had been.

I stared, fascinated, at the dripping doily. From its delicate interstices little yellow morsels of pudding oozed. Slowly I raised my eyes and looked up at my sweet hostess smiling at me across the table.

There was a pause.

"Better put it down," she said.

Without a moment's wait, I raised the doily to my mouth and swallowed it at a single gulp.

"Cheero," I replied. "Down it is."

—E. B. W.

•

PRIMER

It goes this way, my little dear:
  There's always love to buy.
With a kindly smile and a voice that's clear
  He will not long be shy.

He'll stop and point the stars to you
  Or comment on the birds
Or notice that your eyes are blue
  Or teach you foolish words.

And you will think him passing wise
  To mark your hair is yellow:
Because he sees you have two eyes
  You'll marvel at the fellow.

And after all is said and done
  You'll only waste your penny
Or kindly smile on such a one
  Who stops with far too many.

Your voice that was so soft and clear
  He took it for a bird's,
Will only break, my little dear,
  On foolish, foolish words.

—ELSPETH

"Morgan! Will you take care of this gentleman and lady willing to go two hundred on a de luxe Imperial bedroom suite?"

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SOME HINTS FOR AMERICAN TOURISTS

THE first thing the American visiting England must understand clearly is that the English idea of service is different from his own. At your Ritz-Wottler it is standardized and practically ubiquitous; in our Rose & Crown it is personal and practically non-existent. Get that right from the start: you will be much happier.

Upon your arrival, for instance, you are not greeted by a resplendent doorman, an efficient reception clerk, and a horde of bellhops. You will be darn lucky indeed if, after searching the ground floor, you find anyone at all except a busy waiter trying to make the Coffee Room from the Bar in record time. The reception counter, when you find it, will be an ordinary and empty room with "Office" painted on the door and a cat asleep on the desk. An elderly lady, like your conception of a duchess, will at last attend to you and will allot to you as a great favor—and naturally at an exorbitant rate—Ye Oake Roome in which Queen Elizabeth once slept. Queen Elizabeth—who, by the way, put in some good publicity work for the English hotel trade—is reputed to have slept in two rooms at the Rose & Crown, but I won't go into that just now. Her name is in the Visitors' Book just before that of Essex; and you may buy the page and have it torn out if you can afford it. It has already been bought several times by visiting Americans, and is always replaced when you are safely on the way again.

WHEN you have recovered consciousness after getting into your room—for the oak beams are old and low—you will at once notice there is no telephone, no central heating, no ice water, no running water, no bath, and no Bible. These of course are a few of the minor points in which the Rose & Crown differs from the Ritz-Wottler, but you will soon learn the English substitutes for these necessities of American life.

In place of the telephone you will discover two bells. The electric one doesn't ring because ever since the last Boots emigrated to Canada there is no one on the hotel staff who understands electricity; and you mustn't use the bell rope of the other because (a) it comes off, and (b) the bell wire broke in June, 1912, and it is now only attached to a hook on the cornice. But if you go to the door and wait around a while, you will no doubt see a chambermaid or even another guest to whom you can confide your trouble.

To replace central heating (which, by the way, the underwaiter still believes to be the term for the old fashion of dining together at one big table in the middle instead of a lot of little ones) you may order a fire. The paper fan in the fireplace will be removed with ceremony, a scuttle of coals brought up from below, and in about an hour's time a magnificent Olde Tyme Englysshe fire will be roaring in the grate, producing quantities of heat and smoke. In the real Olde Tyme manner the smoke comes into the room and the heat goes up the chimney.

There is no ice water to be had because it isn't necessary, ice water being only the direct corollary of central heating—a sort of central cooling, in fact.

To replace the running water, there is a nice oak washstand with a jug and basin. The jug, if it is not empty, will contain real country rainwater which is delightfully soft for washing. Don't be put off by finding in it casual elvers, sticklebacks, or even newts. They occur in the best-regulated country rainwater, and their bite, if by any chance they are still living, is not dangerous to man.

The bath is not part of your suite nor even of the hotel. It is a modern addition, having been installed by a go-ahead landlord as a great venture in September, 1913. It is, however, quite handy to your room—just down a passage, through the old powdering closet (1740), up a flight of oak stairs (1670), and along another passage to the left (1690). The door does not latch properly (1704).

There is no Bible in your room because there is no Gideon Society, but no doubt you will get over that. Neither are there any bellhops, so living is comparatively cheap.

As soon as you have got out of the habit of asking for a highball with your lunch in a hoarse guilty whisper, and get into the habit of seeing wine bottles standing brazenly on the table without even a concealing napkin or a Canada Dry label, I'm sure you will enjoy your visit.

—A. A.

OF ALL THINGS

THE papers tell us that the "war" in New Jersey is going badly for the "defenders" and the "enemy" has "captured" the strategic positions and is "threatening" this city. Heaven help us if we run out of quotation marks!

[illegible] the front-line trenches. Back stage a group of privates, dirt and unshaven, are shooting crap. I the foreground Captain Flagg an Sergeant Quirt are seated on boxes o[illegible]

The investigators find that several million dollars of the assets of the Clarke Brothers bank have vanished into thin air. Never mind; they will probably turn up safely in Spain.

•

Ramsay MacDonald says that the people of different nations must learn to put themselves in each other's shoes. Tariff permitting.

•

The glory of the Cleveland fliers was too brief to be worth staying up all week for. Evidently these things are called endurance records because they have no endurance.

•

The two-day service between New York and California will be a great boon. After this actors going to the Coast for a glorious future in the talkies will be back before we know they have gone.

•

This air-minded department feels that Williams and Yancey did very well to reach Spain, considering that they had no Schreiber in the rear seat to tell them how.

•

John D. Rockefeller has celebrated his ninetieth quiet birthday. One of these decades John D. ought to try having a noisy one.

•

The President is taking steps to put the post office on a self-supporting basis. We have a gloomy foreboding that they are going to subtract some more stickum from the stamps.

•

The Marlow case is progressing splendidly and if the murderer will kindly communicate with Commissioner Whalen he will hear something to his disadvantage.

•

New York is being studied sociologically by girls from thirteen colleges. This is an annual affair but somehow it never seems to do us much good.

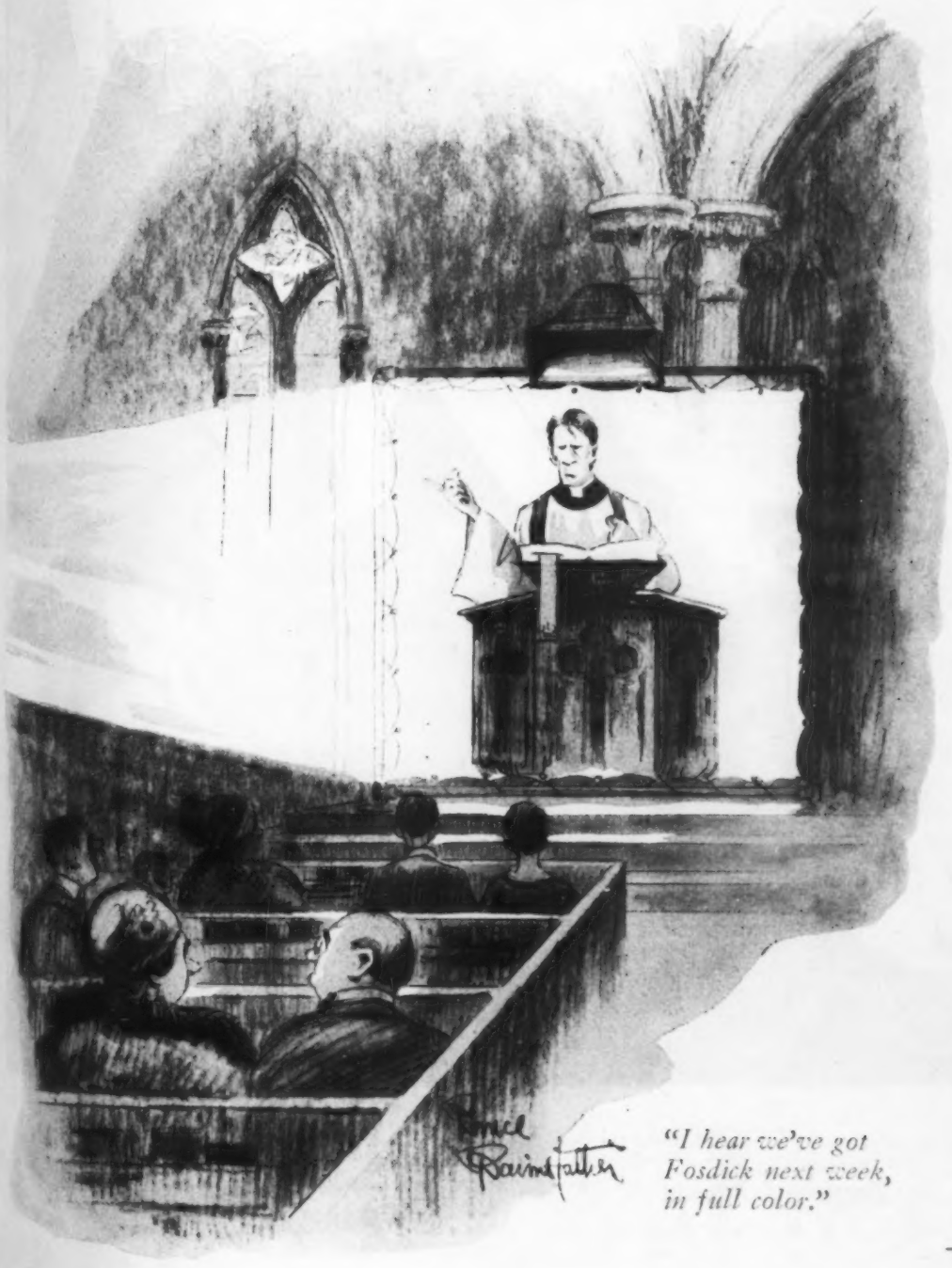
•

Los Angeles and vicinity were recently shaken violently, with considerable property damage. This is a phenomenon known to ignorant non-Californians as an "earthquake."

•

We suggest that our French friends keep a wary eye upon all American financiers now in Paris. If not restrained, these gentlemen will merge the right and left banks.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



"I hear we've got Fosdick next week, in full color."

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Ramsay MacDonald says that the people of different nations must learn to put themselves in each other's shoes. Tariff permitting.

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The glory of the Cleveland fliers was too brief to be worth staying up all week for. Evidently these things are called endurance records because they have no endurance.

•

The two-day service between New York and California will be a great boon. After this actors going to the Coast for a glorious future in the talkies will be back before we know they have gone.

•

This air-minded department feels that Williams and Yancey did very well to reach Spain, considering that they had no Schreiber in the rear seat to tell them how.

•

John D. Rockefeller has celebrated his ninetieth quiet birthday. One of these decades John D. ought to try having a noisy one.

•

The President is taking steps to put the post office on a self-supporting basis. We have a gloomy foreboding that they are going to subtract some more stickum from the stamps.

•

The Marlow case is progressing splendidly and if the murderer will kindly communicate with Commissioner Whalen he will hear something to his disadvantage.

•

New York is being studied sociologically by girls from thirteen colleges. This is an annual affair but somehow it never seems to do us much good.

•

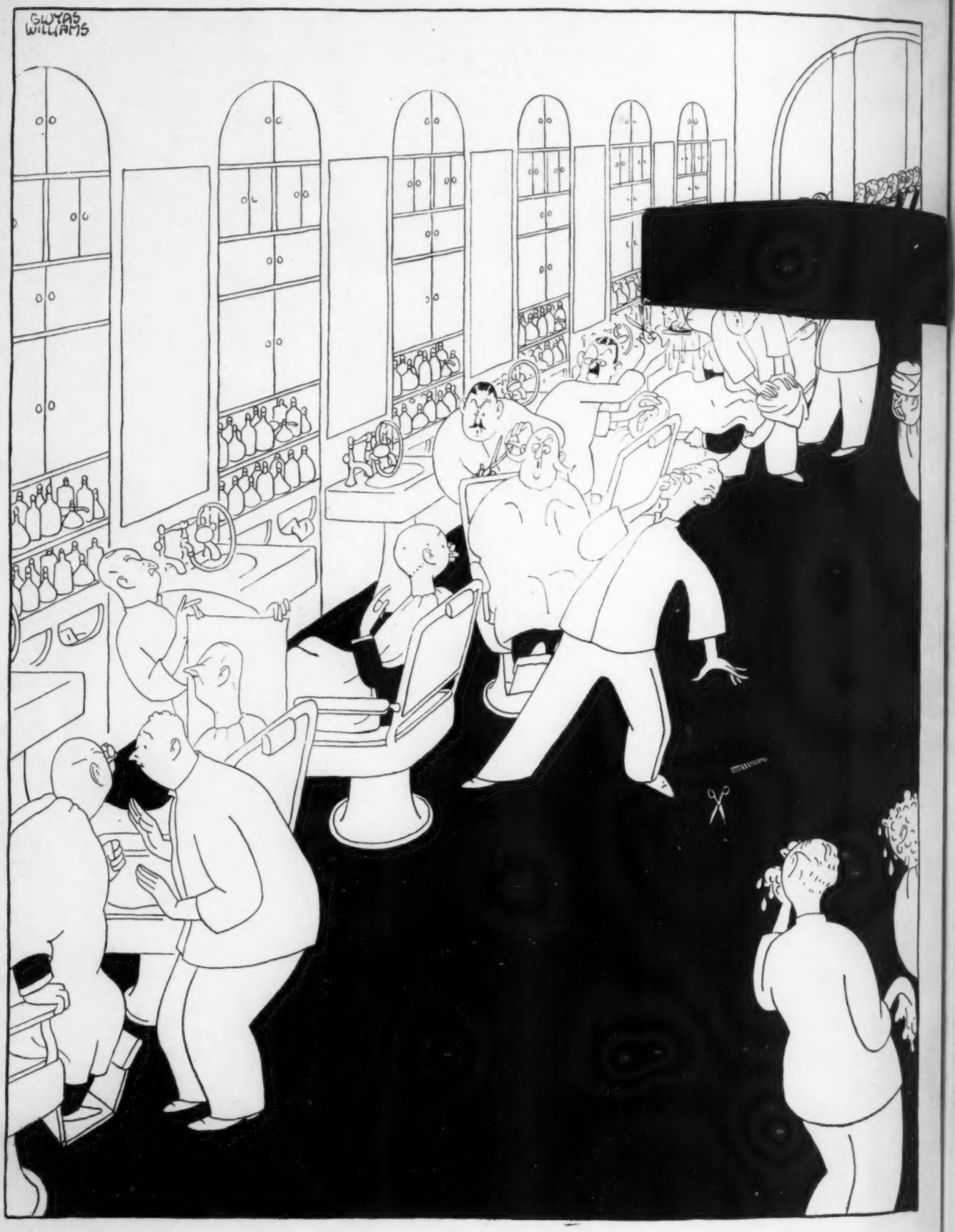
Los Angeles and vicinity were recently shaken violently, with considerable property damage. This is a phenomenon known to ignorant non-Californians as an "earthquake."

•

We suggest that our French friends keep a wary eye upon all American financiers now in Paris. If not restrained, these gentlemen will merge the right and left banks.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"I hear we've got Fosdick next week, in full color."



INDUSTRIAL CRISES

Consternation in Terminal Barber Shop When Customer Insists upon Having a Round Haircut and a Neck Shave

CHEVAUX 40, HOMMES 8

[A WAR DRAMA DREAMILY COMPILED FROM SUCH VARYING SOURCES AS "WHAT PRICE GLORY," "JOURNEY'S END," AND "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT," BY ONE WHO NEVER GOT EAST OF HOBOKEN]

THE scene is laid in a dugout in the front-line trenches. Backstage a group of privates, dirty and unshaven, are shooting crap. In the foreground Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt are seated on boxes on either side of a barrel which serves as a table. Both men are in their undershirts and from time to time a bottle passes between them. Offstage a male chorus is singing "Mademoiselle from Armentières." This and the grumble of gunfire continue throughout the play.

CAPTAIN FLAGG—This is one hell of a lousy war.

SERGEANT QUIRT—You always were a sissy, Flagg.

FLAGG—Oh, yeah?

QUIRT—Yeah.

The cannonading, which has been growing louder, reaches a crescendo and a portion of the parapet caves in. A headquarters orderly disengages himself from the debris and salutes Captain Flagg.

ORDERLY—The Boches! They're attacking, sir!

FLAGG *(yawning)*— Yeah? Who says so?

ORDERLY—The General, sir.

FLAGG—The hell with the General.

QUIRT—The General always was a sissy.

The orderly salutes and exits left. There is another violent explosion and another section of the parapet falls in, bringing with it Charmaine, a French peasant girl. She is plump, with an agreeable suggestion of acquiescence.

CHARMAINE—Ah, pardon. I do not wiss to bozzer ze gentilshommes.

FLAGG *(gallantly)*—No trouble at all, sister. *(To Quirt)* Pretty nice number, ain't it?

QUIRT—Lay off, Flagg. That's my woman.

FLAGG—Yeah? And maybe you'd like a kick in the teeth.

They each take one of the girl's arms and glare at each other over her head.

FLAGG—I got a hell of a good mind to—

Suddenly a bugle sounds the signal for the attack. They release the girl and run offstage, buckling on their revolvers.

FLAGG *(offstage)*—Hey, you ——, wait for baby!

At this point there is a climactic explosion which fills the stage with smoke. When this clears away the soldiers in the background have disappeared. The firing has grown more vicious, so that the strains of "Pack Up Your Troubles" are scarcely audible. Captain Stanhope and Lieutenant Osborne are seated in the foreground at a rough wooden table upon which appear several empty bottles.

STANHOPE—Have a crumpet.

OSBORNE—I say, crumpets! I *do* like crumpets!

STANHOPE—They're not very good crumpets, but if you drink gin with them you don't mind. You don't mind anything if you drink gin. *(He picks up a bucket.)* Hi, Mason, take this down to the General's dugout and see if you can wangle some gin.

MASON—Very good, sir. *(He goes out.)*

STANHOPE—I say, what's the book?

OSBORNE—This? It's called "Peter Rabbit." Rather good, too. *(He reads)*:

> I had a flower garden
> But my love for it is dead
> Since I found a bachelor's-button
> In my black-eyed Susan's bed.

STANHOPE—Oh, a kid's book?

OSBORNE—Yes, we used to read it at school—between ruggers.*

An orderly enters right.

ORDERLY *(saluting)*—It's getting a bit 'ot outside, sir. The men seem a bit hupset, if I may say so, sir.

STANHOPE—Righto, Sergeant. I'll be up in a minute. *(The orderly exits left.)* I say, Osborne, I'm in a bally funk, do you know?

OSBORNE—So am I. But we mustn't let on, must we?

STANHOPE—Of course not. *(He brightens.)* Suppose we go together.

OSBORNE—Righto! Give me your hand.

STANHOPE—You *are* a sentimental old chap!

As they go out hand in hand, a shell scores a direct hit on the roof of the dugout, which collapses, necessitating the removal of the scene to a tent behind the German lines.

Owing to the shortage of canvas in Germany the tent is made of rotogravure sections of the *Times*. On account of the shortage of beds, the occupants of the tent, Fritz Uhlein and Gus Pabst, are lying on the ground staring up at the pictures.

FRITZ *(laboriously spelling out a caption)*—"What Makes the Wild Waves Wild—Mrs. Henry A. Siddons on the beach at Southampton." What kind of a Gott is it that lets us starve to death in tents made out of newspapers while fat women sit on the beach at a place called Southampton?

GUS—Life is full of such ironies.

FRITZ—When this war is over I go to this Southampton and find Mrs. Henry A. Sidd-

*EDITORS' NOTE—The author is confused. He probably means chukkers.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—I am not confused. I mean ruggers.

OUR CONSCIENTIOUS COPS

Officer John Magner, Shield No. 6000, has been running things at Seventy-second and Central Park West for seventeen years, but he still looks young and can blush prettily when assisting nursemaids across the street.

"Psst—I might be able to spare you some of my time."

• •

ons. I tell her something. Maybe I kill her, *nicht wahr?*

GUS *(laughingly)*—*Ja*, that would be good.

FRITZ—*Ja*, that would be funny.

GUS—*Ja.*

FRITZ—*Ja.*

GUS—In my village back home I used to make wedding cakes—little castles and things out of different color icings. They were like frozen music. I wanted to create beauty and they are teaching me to destroy life. That is a good irony.

At the conclusion of this remark Gus dies of starvation and Fritz is quietly eaten by a large rat. The tent blows away. On this ultimate irony the curtain falls and everybody goes home. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

One end of the investigation was definitely cleared up today. The dead woman is not Miss Gladys Mrus of Yonkers. That theory was dispelled when Miss Mrus put in an appearance at the Alexander Smith Carpet Cleaning Company in Yonkers this morning.—*The Evening Post.*

Now let the authorities go on from there.

OUR OWN MODERN ENGLISH USAGE

EXCLAMATION POINTS AND COLONS: I shall cite, to begin with, a few general "don'ts" for exclamation marks. One general "don't" could well cover the whole thing, for the exclamation mark is never actually necessary, but the shock of giving them all up at once might prove fatal to those unfortunate writers who have become addicts. Yet some excellent books have been written without a single exclamation mark, among them "The Art of Rodin," which is a collection of photographs of the sculptor's statues with a brief foreword by Louis Wenberg, or Weinberg. On the other hand, such eminent stylists and impeccable rhetoricians as Cabell bestrew their novels with exclamation points. Very likely Cabell, who is never really excited about anything, leaves them out, and the linotypers put them in. The whole fabric of English usage, I might say in passing, is complicated by linotypers. They frequently play a game with an author, by mail, similar to chess. The author sends in a manuscript without exclamation marks, the linotyper puts them in, the author takes them out in proof, the linotyper puts them back in, together with a couple of etaoins. That's pretty much inside publishing-house stuff, however, and any further comment on it here—or anywhere else—wouldn't do much good. The "don'ts" with which I am concerned are aimed at the layman, the man and woman letter-writer.

DON'T use an exclamation mark in a moment of anger. If you insert one in a fit of temper, lay aside the letter until morning. You will be surprised how silly it will seem then—not only the exclamation mark but the whole letter. That brings us to the colon, or if it doesn't, we'll drag in the colon. It is my contention that a colon could almost always be used in place of an exclamation point. Its use as a symbol of passionate expression is not, I'll grant you, well known, and yet it lends itself to finer shadings of excitement than the exclamation mark, which after all is a hybrid composed, on most typewriters, by striking, successively, the period, the back-spacer, and the apostrophe. This process of synthesis usually takes from six to eight seconds and is very frequently com-

plicated by accidentally striking the upper-case shift-lock key, thus setting the machine so that it writes solely in capitals. In this way a person, after making his exclamation mark, will sometimes go on to write six or eight sentences in capital letters without realizing he is doing it. He then either has to go back over those sentences and draw a diagonal line across each letter—the proofreader's sign for "restore to lower case"—or else, if he lets the capitalized words stand, he must enclose a separate note explaining what happened. All this takes time, and diverts a writer's mind from what he was trying to say. Furthermore, by following his exclamation mark with several lines of capitalized sentences, screaming and bawling across the page, he has made the exclamation mark seem ridiculous and ineffective. The best way to avoid all these complications is to use a pen or pencil. This is, however, the era of the typewriter—even love letters are written on typewriters. Thus it will be helpful to learn that the colon, which is typed by striking only one key, can be employed in place of the exclamation mark in almost any given sentence where the emotion one wishes to express is of an amatory nature.

Take the sentence "You are wonderful!" That's trite, and it's made triter by the exclamation point, but if one writes it thus: "You are: wonderful," it's certainly not trite and it has a richness that the other hadn't, or hasn't—"hadn't" is better, I guess. Nothing so closely resembles the catch in the voice of the lover as that very colon. Instead of shouting the word "wonderful," as the exclamation point does, it forces a choking pause before that word, thus giving an effect of tense, nervous endearment, which is certainly what the writer is after. Of course whether he *should* be after that effect, no matter how the sentence is punctuated, is a separate problem. Sentences of the kind, especially when written by a gentleman to a lady, are never altogether safe. They are almost sure to lead to some further encomium, to some definitely compromising confession. If the gentleman then marries someone else, the lady may sue. Even if he marries someone else and she doesn't sue, he is likely to worry and fret, believing that she will, and the effect on his general health will be about the same as if she did.

I THINK that Fowler in his "Modern English Usage" does not discriminate as carefully as he should between what is proper and safe in exclamations and what is proper and dangerous. He makes several groupings of proper usages, one of them being "You miserable coward!, You little dear!" Obviously there's a difference in possible ultimate effect here. The former could not very easily lead to a suit for libel, but the latter could easily drift into a suit for breach of promise, and is therefore not safe. Of his other groupings of recommended usages, I should most assuredly warn any gentleman against writing to any woman any part of the list which Fowler gives as No. 4. This includes: "What a difference it makes!, What I suffered!, How I love you!" If one is going to use a whole group, I'd say take his No. 5, which is, in full: "Not another word!, If only I could!, That it should come to this!, Much care you!, Pop goes the weasel!, A fine friend you have been!" That is not only safe—it leans over backwards. All correspondence would probably be ended after such a letter, and that is always rather more desirable than deplorable. —JAMES THURBER

•

"Don't worry, girlie, you're safe with me."

A NEW YORK CHILDHOOD

EHEU, FUGACES

IN those days most of the schools were downtown—Cutler, Miss Bovée's, Allen-Stevenson, and St. Bernard's, for instance—and emerging from Seventieth Street into Fifth Avenue there lay before our scowling morning faces a good ten-block whizz to Sixtieth, with the best pavement between Sixty-ninth and Sixty-fifth—huge gray slabs of smooth slate, made for roller-skates, on which terrific speed down grade after St. Patrick's to pass Forty-ninth Street at my best speed, with a sense of peril safely avoided. As a matter of fact, between Madison and th Avenue, orty-ninth eet contained ry element life I most ıthed and aded, a nest of disagreeable after- on appointments: with Dr. Dennett, oculist; with a surgeon who had unfortable ideas about posture; with Dr. Remington, the dentist, before ıose house I once did battle with five micks who craftily waited to attack me —with a view to stealing my baseball mitt—until I had but one of my skates on, and was comparatively helpless. I went wholly mad, felt not one of their blows, counter-attacked with my other skate in hand, and actually drove them from the field. As the last one turned and ran I heaved my steel skate at his head with hearty intent to do murder, and missed, I am still sorry to say. They got my glove.

on the knee. We were supposed to wear kneepads to guard against this, and did, as far as the front door.

We spent pretty much all our time on skates, when the snow didn't interfere—in the Central Park Mall sometimes, or in the Ramble, which was rather dull. Street hockey was good fun; but the trip down to school and back was really the high point of the day.

After the first ten blocks we used to cross the Avenue at Fifty-eighth to get the best pavement. Incidentally, up to a year ago at least, the same policeman was still directing the traffic there—his grizzled mustache a little grayer, his noble paunch visibly shrunken from its former portly magnificence, but otherwise apparently much the same genial, tolerant Jove as ever. From his corner down to St. Patrick's the grade made speed impossible. We could look round us a bit, lift our caps to fathers bound downtown, snap the hansom cabbies' whips from their sockets as they drowsed by the sunny curb, hitch behind a fast-stepping delivery wagon if we felt lazy (Altman's were the best) and, if chance favored us, raise havoc with Miss Spence's prim regiment of little girls, going two and two, by skating swiftly in and out among their ranks. There was one grim old attendant who wielded an umbrella, but I don't think the little girls ever really minded.

I always took advantage of the

In the same street was Miss Bovée's school, where I had been the year before. The memory of Miss Kate still terrifies me: it is of a large, grim lady, gray of hair, red of face, with a cold eye that saw everything—a stern and capable woman who taught all the subjects I hated most, and took no nonsense. Miss Kate had no modern educational theories. She Taught School.

Almost next door to Miss Bovée's, and most loathed of all, was Mr. Dodworth's, the dancing school. I went every Tuesday and Friday for two years. Some time ago a contributor to THE NEW YORKER, writing of this cradle of elegant deportment, told how Mr. Dodworth clapped his hands to stop the band in the gallery. He didn't. He used a little wooden clapper, which made exactly the same sharp sound as a round garter snapped upon the knee, a coincidence which, together with an equally exquisite jest which consisted of kicking another boy's dangling pump off into the middle of the ballroom in order to see him hobble out blushing to retrieve it, I'm afraid contributed to my two-years' stay in the bottom class.

Mr. Dodworth was a disciplinarian. Even if my conduct had been good I would very likely never have been promoted. A rather furtive and hitching polka was the most I ever achieved—with a partner, that is. Beginners danced alone, and so danced I for two years. I can't help wondering who has married the little girl with the shining golden curls who used to be haled forth alone by Mr. Dodworth to demonstrate the curtsey—she always arrived at dancing school driving her own dog-cart with a groom perched up behind. I once encountered her in a Paul Jones or a Lancers and had to waltz with her, and she beautifully concealed her disgust at the lurching stumble which was all the waltz I knew, until the merciful clapper stopped the music. Then she smiled at me. I fell instantly into a warm bath of love, never dared speak to her again, and still wonder whom she married. But even now I wake up on Tuesday and Friday mornings with a sense of something disagreeable impending, and ever will.

BETWEEN Forty-ninth and Forty-fifth, where our school was situated over Dean's, the caterer (imagine St. Bernard's ever having been "over" anything!), the shops were beginning to gain foothold, although except for Dean's there was none to interest a boy. The sophisticated shopping dis-

trict centred in Twenty-third Street: Best, McCreery, Brooks Brothers, Huyler, and the long dim canyon of Schwarz' toy shop running back almost to Twenty-fourth Street, with a really decent layout of tracks and trains which we could run as much as we liked, with nobody bothering.

WE used to go home for lunch on school days, and in the afternoons take the subway—all alone, without anyone thinking of it—away uptown to the Berkeley Oval for soccer or baseball with Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Tabor. Then back to school covered with mud and sweat, for an hour's "prep" before starting home again at about six. By that time it was usually dusk, the lamps were lit, the tide of fathers had turned north again, and the traffic—mostly shiny private carriages, light delivery vans, and hansoms—was a serious problem then, as now.

When the snow was on the ground, sport could be very good on the way home. Coachmen's hats were fair game, but hard to bring down. I succeeded only once and then fled in horror up a side street on discovering that I had knocked the hat off a hearse driver engaged in his mortuary duties. The open windows, if any, of the Fifth Avenue coaches were considered sporting targets. There were no cross-seats in those coaches, and no seats on top. The passengers faced each other on two benches which ran along the sides. When paying your fare there was none of the present-day peril of being sucked down into an infernal machine after your dime: instead, you trampled on other people's feet all the way up to the front of the bus, pulled a leather thong under the driver's seat, thus ringing a bell and waking the driver, who opened a little slide, took your money, and passed back the change. Less efficient maybe, but more exciting. We never snowballed horses, pedestrians, dogs or any other animals except cats, nor any windows except those of the Union Club and the Metropolitan Club. They were, in fact still are, practically irresistible: the first ranging shot full on the broad pane would draw the game instantly. Like closeups flashed on a screen up would pop the distorted, furious, purple faces of two old gentlemen, who may or may not always have been the same; then the thing

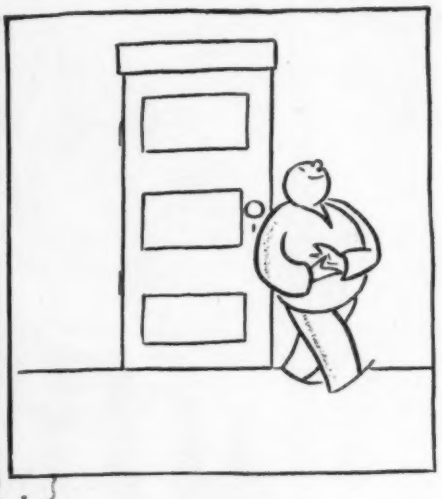
"Is 'Vanity Fair' in yet?"

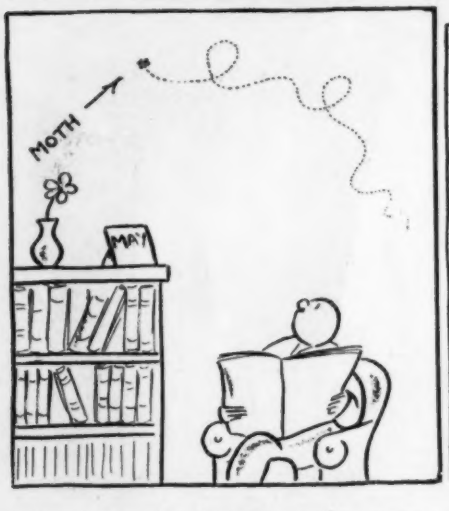
to do was to drive them back again with a fusillade of squashy snowballs and run like the devil.

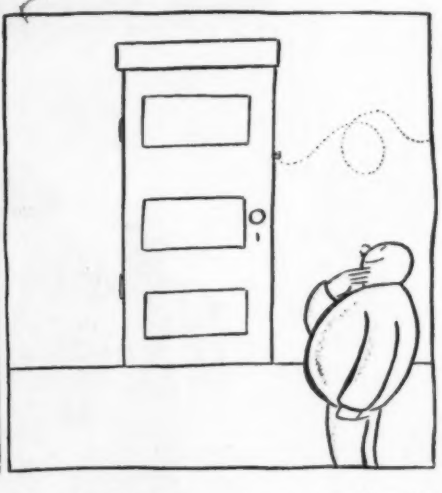
When in the mood we used to tip loaded ashcans into areas, for the very satisfactory sounds they made, and redistribute potted trees and flower boxes on stoops and window ledges in arrangements more to our pleasure, achieving occasionally a very tasty pyramid effect.

We had a rather special game reserved for the houses at the corner of Fifty-seventh and Fifth—the Vanderbilt, Oelrichs, and Gould residences, I think, and one other familiar name. The Oelrichs house, however, was exempt because of the respect due Hermann Oelrichs as the best skater of us all. These houses had, and no doubt boasted, a quartet of particularly plump and juicy butlers, as irresistible in their way as the club windows, and far more gamesome, wary, and dangerous. It was our occasional practice to prepare a good store of snowballs, not too tightly packed, and in the winter's dusk to wait outside the chosen portal until the street was empty. One of us then rang the doorbell—a long, confident pull—and retired to the sidewalk. After a decent interval the door swung ponderously open and disclosed a liveried footman at the knob, and six paces behind him the butler himself drawn up in full and solemn array, ready to receive cards and give commands relating to hats, sticks, and wraps; ready for anything, in fact, except what we gave him. And I may say that although life has since had its winsome moments, no emotion has ever so richly fulfilled, so religiously satisfied my soul's very core, as that aroused by the sight of my very first brown, wet lump of snow bursting and blossoming on that butler's bosom, while the footman skipped to save his silky calves. But butlers are coy creatures, and it was a good month before the doors on that corner were opened without preliminary peekings through the curtains, as we established by actual watch. I suppose at the time some of the more dignified callers resented being peered at in this fashion; there were no speakeasies in Fifth Avenue then, and they weren't used to it.

—D. M.







MR. ROSENTHAL

I GUESS you're sort of mystified—eh, Mr. Cleary?—about me asking you out to lunch like this and we hardly ever speaking two words to each other. But I tell you why I do it. You know, Mr. Cleary, I knew your father when he was here, thirty-three years ago. I liked your father. He was a good man and we always were great friends, yasee.

Well, I notice when we have our meetings how Mr. Woodring always calls attention to you. I mean sometimes you're a little late and he always brings it up. He kind of makes a remark about it and I notice that you don't like it an awful lot. I don't blame you for not liking having everybody notice that you were late to a meeting. But you mustn't mind Mr. Woodring. He's a fine fellow. He knew your father and I thirty-three years ago and I guess he feels he can take liberties like.

You know how this business is. I mean your father could tell you that when it started there was only a little bunch of us here and we didn't have much money, but your father got some money from your grandmother I think and he put it in the business and today he's a rich man, able to retire and educate his children and give them the best in the world. I guess Mr. Woodring is maybe a little jealous about that and that's probably why he rides you once in a while. But you mustn't mind him. He means well, Mr. Cleary.

BUT one thing I would do. I would advise you about getting here on time. You know how it is, Mr. Cleary. On account of your father being one of the directors why everybody sort of expects you to be a privilege character

around here and naturally some of the people would resent seeing a privilege character. Like I guess you go around to society parties and stay up pretty late and a young fella needs his sleep just like the rest of us. So I personally don't blame you for coming in late because you're a young fella and go around naturally to parties and places like that. But this organization always was pretty strict about that. Your father wasn't late once in all the years he worked here. Even when he got to be vice-president why he was always at his desk around quarter to nine, nine o'clock in the morning, and he always stayed till around five, five-fifteen, five-thirty even then. Of course sometimes he would leave early the last couple years he was here because he said he often transacted important business out at the golf club where he would play golf. So that's how it is, about being punctual and always getting here on time.

THEN another thing is about lunch. You notice I never take more than three-quarters an hour for lunch. Never not even when I have a business appointment or going to meet my wife. You may not know it, but that rule was laid down by your own father. Maybe he told you about it. Of course he didn't stick to that the last couple years on account of the way business methods changed since then. But he always said the place for business is at a desk and not in front of some bar or in a restrunt.

Your father belonged to the old school of business. Business in business hours, play in play hours, that was his motto. But nowadays you take a client to a ballgame and to a musical-comedy show and places like that and maybe to a speakeasy and have a couple drinks and that's the way business is transacted these days.

I'm telling you these things to make you feel more at home so that you won't mind Mr. Woodring when he talks up at a meeting about you coming in late. You got a great future in this business, Mr. Cleary, if you realize it and stick to it. And when the time comes when maybe you'll be president of the organization why you'll realize that what Mr. Woodring and I tell you is for your own good. So don't mind Mr. Woodring if he kind of rides you sometimes. And any time I can help you why just let me know. Anything Irv Rosenthal can do for Walter Cleary's son why I'm only too glad.

—JOHN O'HARA

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Any one who imagines the British as a nation of sluggards has never met Mr. Francis Toye, music critic of the London Morning Post. Mr. Toye arrived yesterday on the Berengaria, slept last night at the Savoy Plaza and will embark tonight on the same ship.—*Local paper.*

With material for a book?

JOSEPH'S COLORED COAT

Joseph had a colored coat that his father made him,
Gracious were his brothers and the compliments they paid him,
But in their hearts they hated him, they mocked his mystic dreams,
And coveted his festive coat with fine, unruffled seams.

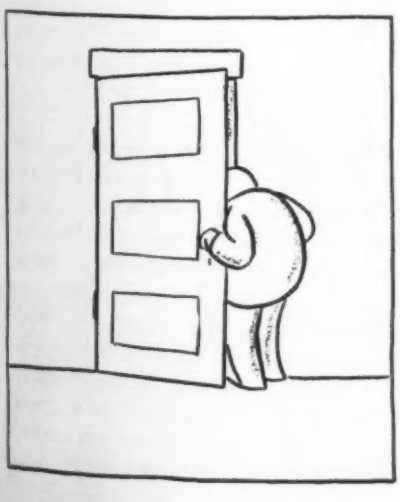
He went down to the fields with them, went down a treacherous path.
(Lord guard him from his brothers, Lord save him from their wrath!)
They stripped him of his father's gift (sacrilege never ceases)
And sold him to some Ishmaelites for twenty silver pieces.

The coat for all its vividness lacked yet a scarlet stain,
So they dipped it in the steaming blood of a young kid newly-slain;
Thus they bore it to their father, nor gainsaid his misconception,
Nor showed scant pity for his grief, nor shame for their deception.

Jacob wept and rent his clothes for his darling stolen,
Cursed the bellies of the wild beasts so profanely swollen.
Then up he hung the treasured coat upon a shiny nail,
And harkened through the days and nights unto its sordid tale.

But never though coat so beautiful, never was coat so false,
Telling of Joseph torn and dead, imprisoned in gory vaults;
When all the time the Pharaoh's ring was set upon his hand,
And he ruled above the people of a far and plenteous land.

—HELENE MULLINS



A REPORTER AT LARGE

HEADQUARTERS

UNLESS an offender has the bad luck to be arrested on Saturday, he rarely spends more than one night at Police Headquarters. The cells of the dingy, massive building in John Street are not as comfortable as prison cells. The inmates sleep on bunks which have no mattresses and are made of thin strips of plaited iron hinged to the wall. One cell holds five and is used when all the other cells are full; as a rule each prisoner has a cell to himself. In spite of the discomfort of the hard bunks, the inmates generally sleep soundly; this is because most of them are arrested either immediately after their offence, at the climax of the exhaustion brought on by the strain of planning and carrying out a crime, or when they are similarly exhausted, weeks or months later, by the suspense and terror of a long, unsuccessful flight, or an uneasy period of hiding. They often seem to accept the first night in jail as a sort of relief, and sleep so well on the iron shelves that the jailer has to yell at them to wake them in the morning.

Prisoners are not fed while at Headquarters, though if they have money they can send out for food. Women prisoners are not kept in the cells but are taken to a separate jail after their arrest and brought to Headquarters only to be examined and fingerprinted. Police officials concur in the gallant opinion that the basement cells are no place for a lady. Lawyers are not allowed there either, but must communicate with their clients from an anteroom which connects with the cell corridor by means of a tiny barred window, covered with a thick wire screen. Each cell can be unlocked only with its own key and all the keys hang on nails in a key-box under which a hole has been bored. Looking through this hole, from his armchair in the next room, the jailer can see, unobserved, what happens in the one cell directly opposite the hole. This cell is reserved for men accused of murder. If they show signs of depression, the jailer watches them closely, for the suicide of a prisoner is regarded in police circles as a disgrace.

"I been trying to get you alone like this all night."

AT nine o'clock every morning the people arrested the day before are taken up to a gymnasium on the top floor. Across one end of the room a crude stage has been built and onto this they are led in turn to be studied by the entire detective division—several hundred hard-faced men who stand, their badges prominently displayed, in a roped area in the centre of the floor. Next to the gymnasium is a room known as the "studio," lighted by powerful lamps which throw a hard, dead-white glare similar to that used in making moving pictures—a light that makes flesh look swollen and abraded and gives it the purple color of a corpse. Experienced criminals are perfectly at home in the studio, move before the camera from full face to profile without being told, and know where to go to get fingerprinted. The photographers are pleased with such subjects, and treat them with consideration. Monotony gives the experts in the studio a relative mildness and at the same time a complete indifference to the offenders who pass through their hands; they are proud of their work and fond of discussing the merits of different kinds of plates and lenses.

DOWNSTAIRS a cop is on duty outside the door of the Property Room. In the Property Room safe are kept all stolen money and jewels recovered from pawnbrokers or taken from crooks and held until needed as evidence in some impending trial. Sometimes there is half a million dollars' worth of stuff in the Property Room safe, though now the cache is smaller than it has been for years—not more than sixty thousand dollars

COTYTAN

OLYMPIC LIPSTICK
THE DOUBLE SIZE IN MEDIUM-WITH THE BLUE BAND AND FOUR OTHER SMART SHADES
$1.50

THE VOGUE OF THE SEASON

BARE LEGS · BARE ARMS · BARE BACKS

All the smart nudities of the season demand a rich outdoor brown. Cotytan — *in a few minutes — gives the chic shade — an even golden tan that deceives your best friend or worst enemy*

FOR BLONDE OR BRUNETTE
COTYTAN LIQUID POWDER — $1.50
COTYTAN FACE POWDER — $1.00
DOUBLE SIZE FACE POWDER — $1.50
USE TOGETHER FOR PERFECT RESULT

Both illustrated one quarter actual size.

BRUNETTES USE COTY MEDIUM LIPSTICK AND MEDIUM ROUGE. LIGHT BLONDES USE LIGHT LIPSTICK AND LIGHT ROUGE.

MID-SUMMER FLANNELS

JACKETS, TROUSERS AND KNICKERS. CUT OVER SELECT ENGLISH PATTERNS FROM FABRICS OF THE MOST RELIABLE GRADE.

THE FINCHLEY Establishments

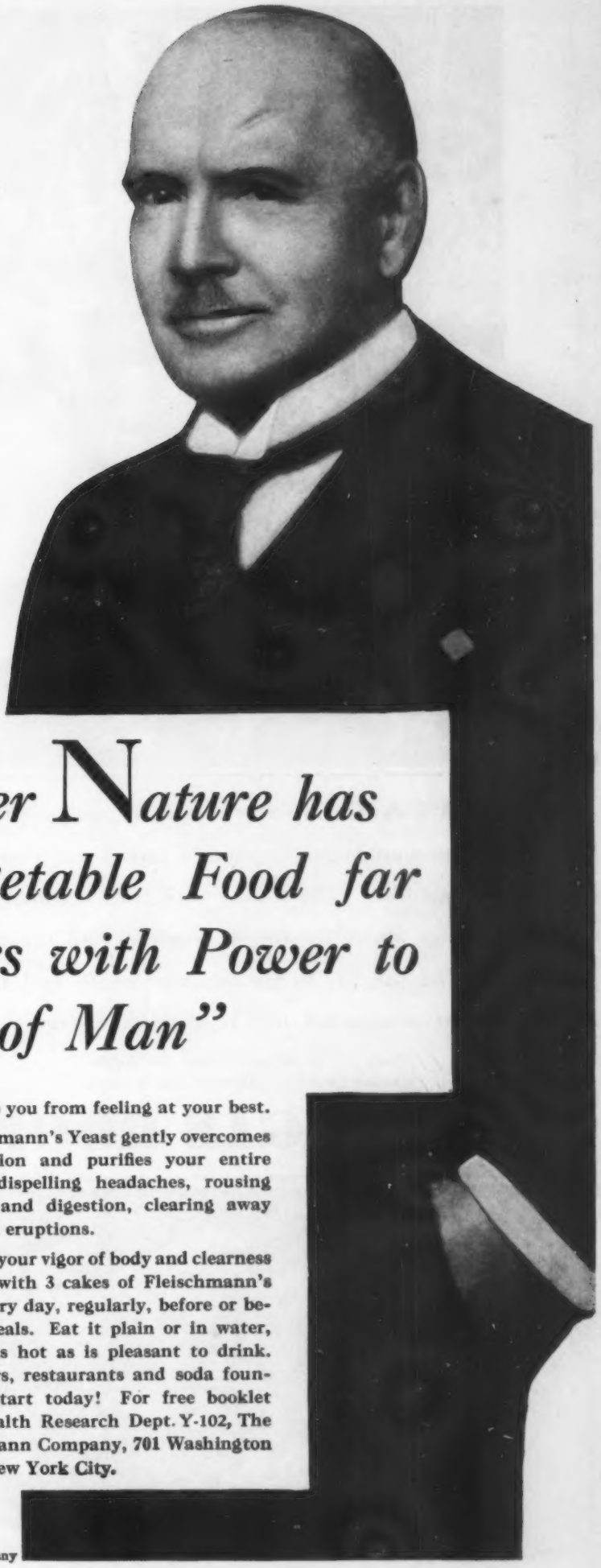
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO

in jewels, cash, and securities. It is also the function of the Property Room to dispose of the weapons confiscated from criminals. Every branch of the underworld has its characteristic type of arms. Holdup men use conventional Smith & Wesson six-shooters, or Colt automatics; the gunmen employed by bootleggers or warring Chinese tongs depend on foreign military pistols which have great accuracy even at long ranges. Cracksmen carry arms when working on a big job, but the ordinary burglar, contrary to general belief, seldom does, although he may have a nickel-plated gas or airgun to use as a bluff if cornered. Negroes have a partiality for blackjacks, which they manufacture themselves, concealing chunks of lead in the finger of a glove, or in a big watchcase. Most deadly of all criminal weapons is the sawed-off shotgun, a cheap twelve or sixteen-gauge gun shortened so that it will fit in a trouser-leg and which, loaded with screws and pieces of brass and steel, is carried only by a killer whose single and immediate purpose is to commit murder.

Every six months or so the five wooden chests which are used as repositories for knives and guns in the Property Room become full and are taken down the bay on the city tug Macom and dumped into the Narrows. It was formerly the custom to sell confiscated arms to pawnbrokers until some commissioner discovered, by the way the same pistols kept turning up in the Property Room, that this was simply a method of supplying criminals with weapons at low cost. Even when orders were given to hold all firearms, the five chests in the Property Room were never filled. The leak was finally traced to the assistant of a bootblack who came to the building every day to shine the commissioner's shoes.

MORE perfidious even than the bootblack are the drug-peddlers, whose wiles make trouble for the Irishmen of the Narcotic Squad. In the old days a peddler seldom hid his wares more elaborately than in a hollow table-leg or behind a sliding panel, whereas now they even smuggle morphine to Blackwell's Island by throwing it down from the Queensboro Bridge soldered in tobacco cans. For months the squad was on the trail of a restaurant proprietor who was peddling heroin on the upper West Side. He distributed it to special customers in the salt-shakers on his tables. Except for a modest

"Mother Nature has endowed this vegetable Food far beyond most others with Power to guard the Health of Man"



IN these striking terms, Hofrat Professor Dr. Adolf Cluss, of Vienna, sums up the view of medical men in that great world medical center. Dr. Cluss, outstanding expert on nutrition, is known to doctors throughout America.

"Yeast," he says, *"is a remarkable food, a stimulant and a medicament, a means of strengthening and building up the body."*

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast, eaten daily, floods your digestive and intestinal tract with millions of living yeast plants. These amazing little plants greatly speed up the passage of food wastes, checking the formation and spread of the poisons that keep you from feeling at your best.

Fleischmann's Yeast gently overcomes constipation and purifies your entire system, dispelling headaches, rousing appetite and digestion, clearing away ugly skin eruptions.

Renew your vigor of body and clearness of mind with 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly, before or between meals. Eat it plain or in water, cold or as hot as is pleasant to drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Start today! For free booklet write Health Research Dept. Y-102, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

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AT THE PEAK of its second-season gaiety... the St. Regis Roof. The baton of Lopez becomes a joyous elixir to the summer's dance melodies. The setting by Urban becomes an exotic aerie of coolness above the torpid avenues. And the established graciousness of the St. Regis becomes more and more part of the brilliant momentum that is smart New York's very own.

Daily . . . Luncheon, Dinner and Supper
Sunday Evening . . . Dinner, Concert Music

ST. REGIS ROOF

EAST 55TH ST., CORNER FIFTH AVE.

private consumption of opium in Chinatown, most of the local drug traffic is carried on between Fifty-ninth and Seventy-second Streets, on the West Side.

Most of the criminals brought to Headquarters are between nineteen and twenty-six years old; more than three-quarters of them are drug-addicts. The only members of the underworld who rarely use narcotics are those who peddle them. Drug-selling is a highly organized business. The street price of the narcotics most in demand varies from day to day, fluctuating uniformly throughout the country. Morphine is now twenty-five dollars an ounce and heroin, though more powerful, is the same. Drug-peddlers arrested in New York have generally traded in heroin, for which there is a greater market here than in other cities. Detectives of the Narcotic Squad sometimes get evidence against a peddler by passing themselves off as addicts but rely for their information principally on stool pigeons. Drugs taken in raids are burned in the furnace in the Headquarters' basement.

WITH few exceptions, the heads of the various departments of Headquarters admire Whalen. The commissioner's suggestion that better pay would improve the efficiency of the force won over the skepticism of the old-line detectives. Desk lieutenants admit without rancor that he makes them work harder than they used to. The gymnasium, for instance, where the Headquarters' staff used to play and watch handball through pleasant afternoons has become the lineup room and nothing more. The commissioner's office itself, formerly bare and gloomy, furnished in varnished oak with brass spittoons, has been redecorated; the spittoons are gone, the plaster is cream-colored. In the vestibule Whalen has hung some pictures of his own—large, bright can-

PACKARD

Only by exceptional merit does a foreign product win preferment in the centers of old world wealth and culture

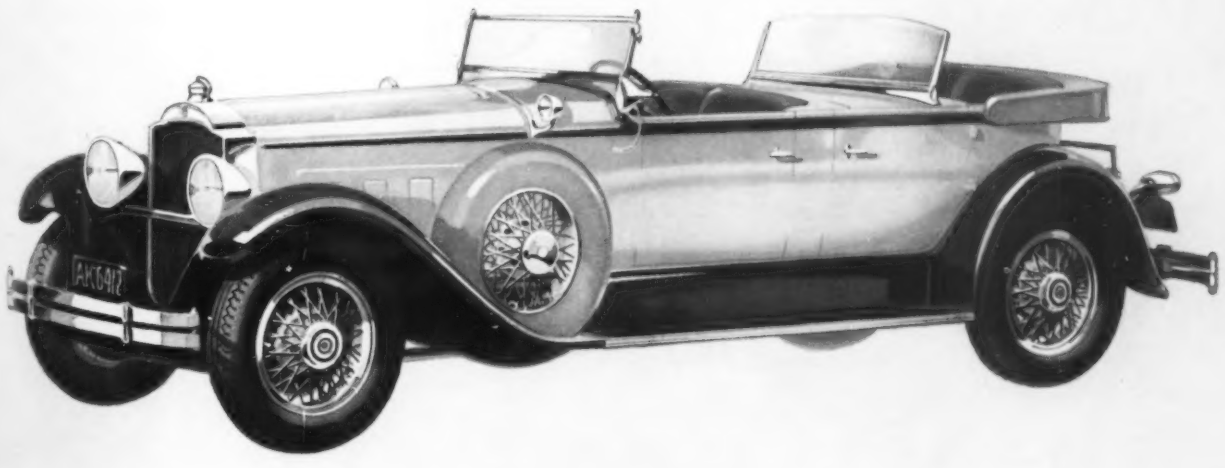
Where taste and discernment guide habits of life, appreciation of Packard luxury is but natural.

Those who know and love fine things pay instinctive tribute to the beauty of Packard's characteristic design—to the superb engineering and precision manufacture upon which Packard leadership is founded.

Abroad, no less than at home, Packard cars enjoy a priceless reputation. Gentlefolk throughout Europe have endorsed Packard quality by their patronage. Hardly a royal garage but houses one or more Packards among the famous makes of native design.

Time and again Packard cars have won first honors in the motor style shows so popular abroad—and in competition with Europe's finest creations. For motor car excellence, the old world turns to the new—for the supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars, unerringly to Packard.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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POWER..
POWER..
POWER..

Knocks out that "knock"

LIKE the most powerful of beasts in the jungle, the Ethyl-driven car has reserves of steady, always-dependable power for every emergency.

For Ethyl Gasoline brings out of any engine the additional, latent power which ordinary gasoline cannot be expected to obtain. That is because Ethyl is gasoline *plus*. To it a vital ingredient has been added—Ethyl fluid, the anti-knock compound developed by automotive science to make gasoline a better motor fuel.

In a high compression engine, you need Ethyl if it is to do its best. But to any car Ethyl brings new smoothness, faster pick-up, and especially *extra power when you need it most.*

Start riding with Ethyl today. It is on sale throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

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ETHYL GASOLINE

vases, showing French and Spanish towns; his dark oak desk is equipped with a handsome bronze writing-set and with a special telephone connecting it by private wires with the precinct stations and, through them, with every corner police booth.

At eleven and four-thirty, daily, Whalen receives the press. Christie Bohnsack, his secretary, leads the reporters into his presence and stands attentively at one side while the Commissioner tells them what he has learned from the precinct stations in the last few hours and answers their questions. Sometimes he hands out a typed announcement. He is bigger and better-dressed than the reporters, most of whom are elderly men. When the interview is over, they go back to the rooms hired for them by their various editors in the little street behind Headquarters—bare, dirty rooms over police-equipment shops run by retired cops. In these little rooms, with their worn telephones, gas-heaters, and broken chairs, the atmosphere is one of intense and permanent boredom. Leaving one man in each office to answer the telephone, the press congregates in a speakeasy not far from Headquarters, where the chief amusement consists of attempts to get the proprietor into a crap game.

AT Headquarters, as in the newspaper rooms, time passes slowly. There are long stretches in every day when no crimes are being committed anywhere. In these intervals officials resort for entertainment to the telephone. The initial phrase "Headquarters speaking" is followed by discussions of a social or sporting nature, or you may hear a burly desk-sergeant pitifully begging his wife to bring over the spectacles he left on the bureau. The only place in the building which is consistently cheerful and busy is the printing room. Here, amid the soft clatter and the peculiar paper-smell of old-fashioned presses, union printers, not concerned with crime or punishment, turn out the thousands of circulars and special forms used by the department. —NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

•

The first thing that must be thoroughly understood is that from the hen's point of view egg laying is a secondary matter. —*Medina (O.) Sentinel.*

Whereas from the egg's point of view, getting laid is of prime importance.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND

An address of exceptional advantages. Apartments on lease, furnished as fine established homes. Several suites available for those who wish more luxury and privacy in transient arrangements. Serviced by Sherry-trained domestics. Sherry cuisine.

FIFTH AVENUE *at* FIFTY-NINTH STREET

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

A MAN OF LETTERS

THE other day a deputation from Master Howard's *Telegram* called upon me for a portrait, to be published in its columns. Though puzzled, I hesitated to look such a gift horse in the mouth and shyly handed them a tasty cabinet photograph of myself which, having been taken by Sarony in the Spring of 1912, suggested a somewhat stronger resemblance to the late Lester Wallack than has quite survived the wear and tear of the intervening years. But the *Telegram's* experts would have none of it. They had come prepared with a camera and wanted a picture of your correspondent in action, to illustrate an impending article on Anagrams. I was to be caught with an "s" in my hand and a light in my eye, in the act of pouncing on the word CHESTY.

Instantly, I had visions of yesterday and tomorrow. I saw forgotten rotogravure pictures of young Ouimet putting his way to fame. I saw old copies of *Munsey's Magazine*, with May Sutton in midair, her face twisted into demnition nutcrackers. Then I had a prophetic glimpse of an enthralled audience at the Capitol watching a slow-motion picture of myself in the act of taking CRAVES with an "i." I knew that I was becoming the Helen Wills of Logomachy, the Babe Ruth of Anagrams. I saw myself being presented at court, and realized (with a little rueful sigh for the humbler, happier days before success came) that, after this article, it would be expected of me to engage someone else to write my signed reflections on the sport.

SO many inquiries, sneers, taunts, and suggestions about the game have come into this office that I deem it best to outline, however tediously, the Dorothy Parker rules as laid down by the Mother Superior of Anagrams herself, her rules being much sterner than those governing Big Sis or Nance Anagrams, the game affected seemingly by many of my correspondents, who, I take it, play on Lake Mohonk verandas with ice-wool fascinators drawn close about their shoulders on these penetrating nights.

When *our* game begins, a table is strewn with little letter blocks, turned face down. If I had the true Margaret E. Sangster touch for such articles as this one, I would doubtless tell my dear little readers how they might make these letters for themselves, with the use of some Higgins' ink and a few dozen champagne corks. But a set of the factory-made wooden letters (avoid the cardboard variety as you would poison ivy!) can be bought for two dollars at any shop where games are sold.

Each player draws a letter in turn, discarding it, if useless to him, in a common pool of letters left face up and thereafter available for any player when his turn comes. When, with or without the use of the letter he has just drawn, any player can, from this pool, form a five-letter word (not a proper noun and not some pitiable participial or plural version of a shorter word) he not only has another chance to draw, but another minute to think before his turn is over, and the new word becomes his, to have and to hold, until someone else swoops down on it with one or more additional letters whereby it can be radically changed into quite another word.

When any one player gets seven words, all his opponents (each with a chance to draw and a minute to think, and each with murderous hatred in his heart) go into a huddle, and it is only when his seven words have proved impregnable by such a combined assault that he is declared winner and is carried unconscious to the gymnasium.

ROUGHLY, that is a description of Dorothy Parker Anagrams. If you are troubled by guest players who say "But we don't play it at home that way at all," it is usually enough merely to say "Oh, really?" and go right on with the game. But it is sometimes advisable (and no end of a lark) to turn suddenly on such fretful weaklings and strike them sharply with your knuckles on the mouth.

It is the fact that in the crises of a game the cornered player has no more than a minute in which to snatch victory from defeat by making a raid, and only a single letter (usually something loathsome like a "v" or a "k") with which to make it, that the one-letter changes are those which linger in the memory, and are thereafter proudly reported to this easily impressed journal. For instance, there have recently been just such last-minute one-letter changes of the following words:

RHETORIC	MORGUE
ORGANDIE	DUDGEON
POINT	ORBIT

For the partial aid of those who like to look at the answer in the back of the book, I am willing to hint that the first two words in this list can each be taken with an "s," the third with a "k," the fourth with a "t," the fifth with an "r," and the sixth with an "s."

IT was the award of the 1929 Anagram Prize to Howard ("Freckles") Dietz for taking POUCHES with a "y" that elicited much of the above information. One correspondent maddened me with the following communication:

> Mr. Dietz and his "chop-suey" deserve some merit, but my own candidate is the botanist who as my partner at a time when everything was at stake managed to take "trawlers" with an "o." I would give you his name, save that on the evening he was playing at Anagrams with us his trusting wife thought he was out with another woman.

The clue to the above puzzle lies in the word "botanist," and the answer is so highly special that I am far more impressed when someone takes ORATING with an "n," a change which looks and should be simple but somehow infuriatingly isn't.

AS may be guessed, the feeling in these games sometimes runs high. A contest of unusual ferocity disturbed the calm of a Vermont evening not long ago. The devil was in the Anagrams that night, and, growing ugly, I turned with a snarl on the aforesaid Dietz and told him, between my teeth, that it was dangerous to cross me.

"I wouldn't think of attempting it," he said, "without an Alpine stock."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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A modern miracle of luxurious transportation! . . developed after months of study and preparation . . . *48 hour coast to coast rail-air service!*

The Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc. — with which the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Santa Fe Railway have associated themselves in this new project — has done everything in its power to ensure the safety and comfort of modern-minded travelers.

Under the supervision of a staff of experts, headed by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, millions of dollars have been spent in the work of preparation.

Westbound from New York **. . . you leave Pennsylvania Station at 6.05 P. M. (Standard Time) on The Airway Limited to Port Columbus — thence by a tri-motored plane of the Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc. to Waynoka, Okla. — that night a Santa Fe Train to Clovis, N. M. — then by plane to Los Angeles, arriving in the afternoon. (By plane the next morning to San Francisco.) Equally convenient eastbound — by the same route.**

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh is Consulting Aeronautical Engineer to the Pennsylvania Railroad and Chairman of the Technical Committee of the Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc. July 8th, he piloted one of the first planes, inaugurating this new service.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

R. A. Jones, Jr. *Watts Gunn*

TEE AND GREEN

Ladies at Shenecosset—
Golf and Banking—
Long Beach Sea Grass

Maureen Orcutt

WHEN she began playing in the tournament for the Griswold Cup at Shenecosset, Maureen Orcutt had better scores than most of the men competitors who tried to qualify for the Metropolitan Open this week at Lido. So had Helen Hicks. These two girls are getting so consistent that any ladies' event in this district is apt to end as their private match. Either of them, disguised as a male and enrolled at one of the big eastern colleges, would be captain of the golf team, but would be too good to get much competition. Maureen took a 76 for her first round at Shenecosset. The young man who won the Intercollegiate tournament a few weeks ago began the finals with an 84 to be 4 up at lunch.

Unlike Joyce Wethered's match with Glenna Collett, which Miss Wethered always wins, the game between the Misses Hicks and Orcutt is in no danger of becoming a stencil. If one or the other is off form she may be eliminated in match play by some inferior opponent, but if both are hitting the ball the way they usually do, they put on a show that makes comprehensible the fact, always mysterious to us, that women's championships in England draw bigger galleries than men's. Both girls get surprising distance off the tee, but Miss Hicks is the more conservative; Miss Orcutt takes any chance she thinks she can handle, cutting across the dog-leg like a pro; she gets a powerful backspin on her chips. Both are uncertain putters. A paradox true of most women playing golf is that their long shots, which you would expect to be weak, are generally fine, and that they fail in departments of the game which require nervous control rather than muscle.

JOHNNY FARRELL's friends shook their heads when they saw his name on the entry list at Lido. Farrell looks healthy enough, but he is very thin,

Helen Hicks

The Clickety-Clack Face

[THE PRODUCT OF NERVOUS TENSION]

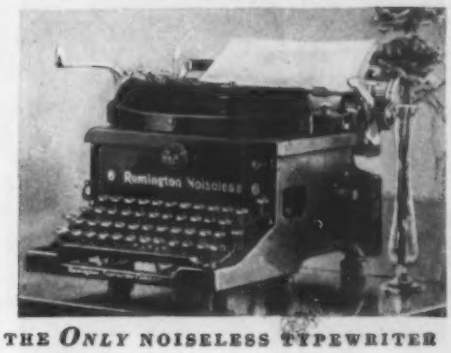
Have you that work-weary look . . . that clickety-clack expression so often worn by stenographers who operate rackety typewriters?

"Stenographer Face" has already had scientific recognition. Industrial health investigators have found that typists are afflicted with ill health more often than any other class of office workers.

For it is typewriter clatter that compels office managers to segregate typists into poorly ventilated rooms . . . typewriter clatter that draws telltale crow's-feet on lovely complexions and steals away the bloom of youth.

In place of that hammer-blow typewriter you are now using, you are entitled to a "piano" touch REMINGTON NOISELESS. The same 4-row standard keyboard you have always used, but a lighter touch, enabling you to do better work, faster . . . with less effort and . . . NO NOISE.

Typewriter racket is no pleasanter to your office manager than to you. Tell him you want a REMINGTON NOISELESS Machine and he will help you get it, in the interest of the business as well as in kindness to you.



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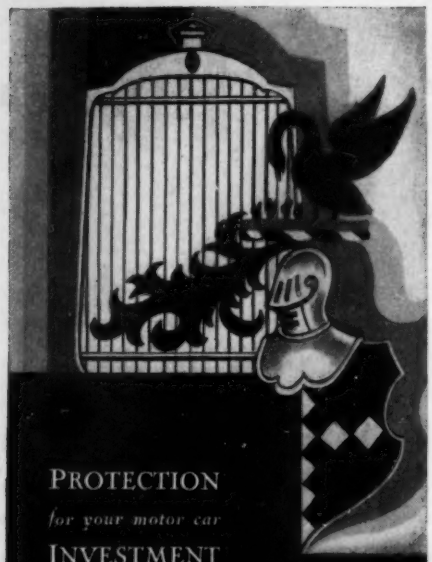

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INVESTMENT

Packard beauty of style is real beauty—Ageless!

No radical changes have been able to improve upon Packard design.

After years of service, Packard remains an up-to-date motor car.

Permanence of design prevents depreciation to Packards through change of models.

Packard's enduring style offers the best of protection to your motor car investment.

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PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
696 East Fordham Road
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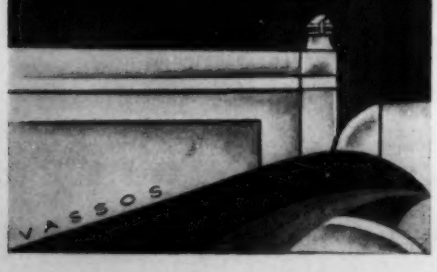
Ask
the man
who owns one



and his game went stale long before the test at Winged Foot showed how far off he really was. Looking at him as he walked around with Sarazen in a bright green suit and a panama hat, Mike Brady, his home professional, made some gloomy statements. "If he don't watch himself, he'll never handle a club again as long as he lives." Brady, who probably knows more about Farrell's game than anyone else, told how doctors had advised him to take a rest last year after winning the title, and how Farrell disregarded what they said and went on an exhibition tour.

ANOTHER player who may still feel the strain of the Open is Dick Jones. Jones—who is no relative of Bobby—figured importantly in the tournament, though not as a competitor. He was a marshal. Because of his good nature and his prowess as a local amateur, the committee made him a general, which is the highest position a marshal can get. Wearing a conspicuous badge with a rosette of ribbons and "General" printed on it, he attracted the attention of a fellow who had no badge at all and who decided to become a general in the quickest possible way. When Jones was going through the lines the man grabbed the rosette and the two struggled for it briefly in the heart of the crowd, pressed so close together that they couldn't move their arms. Jones got his badge back; for the rest of the day he covered it with his hand whenever anyone started to look at it.

WATTS GUNN played here early last week but went back to Pitts-

SPARKLE THAT LASTS

THE sparkling freshness of Squibb's Dental Cream makes your whole smoking day a lasting pleasure. From the very first puff, your favorite smoke will taste better and feel better.

Because, Squibb's, you know, contains over 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. It's the tiny particles of this that seep into the out-of-way places in your mouth — neutralizing destructive acids — keeping your breath sweet—your smoke appetite keen and alive.

Start using Squibb's Dental Cream for your smoking's sake. All drug stores sell Squibb's at 40c a tube.

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GUARD THE DANGER LINE

THE INNER CIRCLE OF MOTORING ENJOYMENT . . .

NASH

No car ever has created more favorable talk among people who really know motor cars than the new "400" by Nash.

"Four Hundred" ownership ushers you into the very inner circle of motoring satisfaction. It is the kind of car you've always wanted.

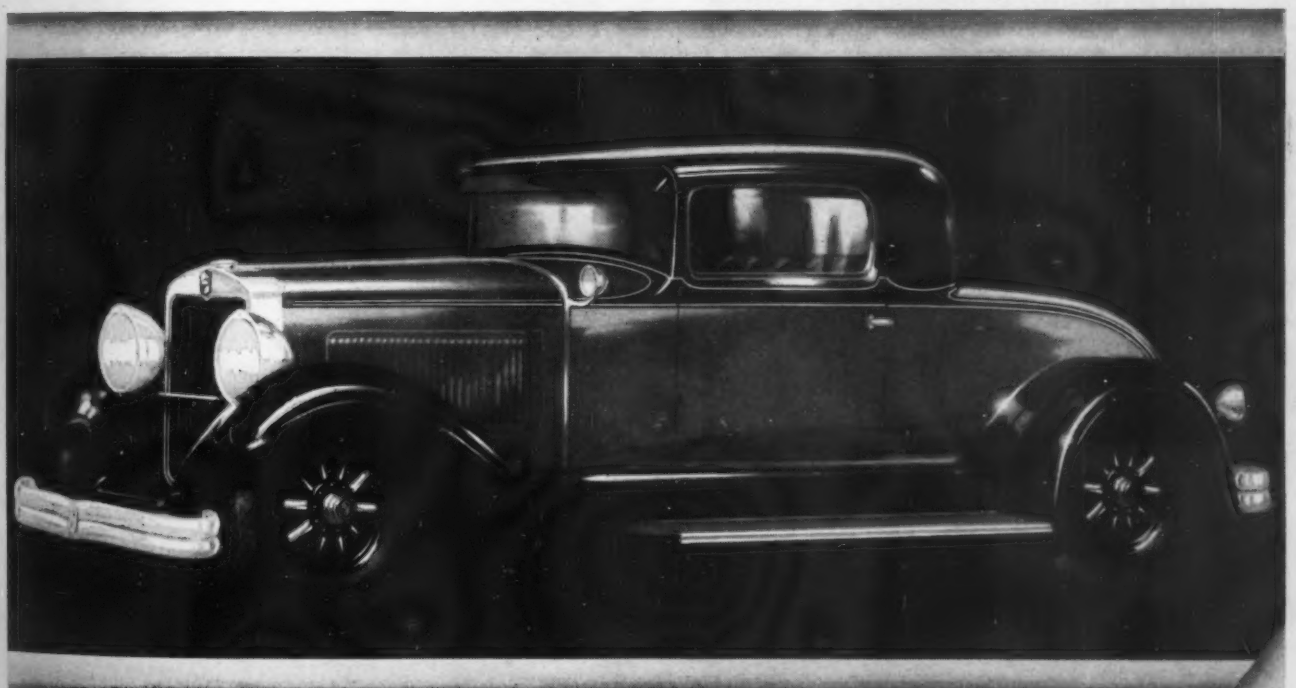
There is grace of line delightful to the eye in "400" body style.

Nash engineers have created a new world standard of engine performance in the perfection of the "400" Twin Ignition, high compression, 7-bearing, hollow crankpin, valve-in-head motor.

Every Nash "400" model has, also, as regular equipment at no extra cost—individually designed alloy steel springs and Lovejoy or Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers—Chromium nickeled front and rear bumpers of exclusive Nash design—World's easiest steering—and all Special and Advanced models have Bijur Centralized Chassis Lubrication which oils chassis bearing points at the simple pressure of a pedal.

These and many other features of "400" superiority add pleasure to the pleasure of motoring.

Drive a "400" and see for yourself, before you buy your new car.



NASH "400"

LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

There is a Nash Dealer in Your Immediate Neighborhood

WARREN-NASH MOTOR CORPORATION

New York, N. Y.

(909)

(AND ASSOCIATED DEALERS)

Plenty of Distance and still retain control

A ball that now meets both requirements of the modern game—distance—and the control so necessary for low scoring.

Star and duffer alike are proclaiming it as the longest ball they ever hit. We have removed, once and for all, that old myth—that a long ball is hard to handle around and on the green.

Our faith in the Hol-Hi is best expressed by the following unusual guarantee.

This Hol-Hi Ball is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction—no matter how many holes you play it—for the length of its full life in the hands of the original purchaser. It is guaranteed to retain its shape, not to crack, and to retain its paint. If not entirely satisfactory it will be immediately replaced.

William T. ("Bill") Hamilton, Eastern Advertising Director of the Condé Nast Group. Bill is a member of Westchester-Biltmore and plays on their team. He's a tall, rangy fellow who's "out there" with most of them. But he says it makes a lot of difference whether he's playing a mashie niblick or a No. 4 for his second. Bill plays the Hol-Hi.

The serious young man with the glasses is Douglas B. (Doug) Wesson of the Smith & Wesson Firearms Company, who long ago made the country safe for Democracy. Doug now spends most of his time between making local "invitations" unsafe for the hometown boys and writing amusing golf articles that kick apart old bromides. With a state handicap of 7 in Massachusetts and the daily obligation to play that grand testing course, Long Meadow Country Club, Doug's regular habit of collecting indicates the careful selection of those accessories which help the winner's game. Doug plays the Hol-Hi.

Clair Maxwell, president and advertising manager of that well-known bright spot among American humorous magazines—Life—is one of the little fellows who hits the ball a terrific punch. What his golf swing loses in circumference it makes up in speed. Clair rules the roost at Bonnie Briar Country Club, where his handicap is six. He states that the country rolls as much uphill as down, and makes those extra yards of carry an absolute necessity for the "wee ones". Clair plays the Hol-Hi.

HOL-HI

Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT

Ask your Pro or dealer for Johnny Farrell's golf book... FREE.

75c each

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO., NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

burgh before the Open. About this time last year Gunn was disgusted with himself. He said he was through with golf; it was no game for an adult. He was going to quit playing and get a job. He started with the Guaranty Trust and felt that he was through with sport permanently. But the first assignment they gave him was a place on the company golf team. It was largely owing to his efforts that the Guaranty Trust beat its old rival, the National City Bank. National City rooters did some talking after the match. They said, with some sense, that if the Guaranty was going to hire an expert like Gunn, their own company would have to do something to maintain its prestige. It might not be a bad idea to get Hagen or Sarazen to join up as assistant cashiers. John Golden would be all right as the bank cop for the Forty-second Street branch—he has that kind of chest. That would be a team.

LIDO was not groomed for the tournament. It couldn't have been made much harder. The long carries, the tough sea grass in the rough, the big traps, and the perpetual sea wind make it one of the hardest courses in the country. Winged Foot proved as difficult as people thought, but most golfers would rather play there than at the Long Beach course. It's bad enough at Lido in dry weather; in the rain it's impossible. —N. B., Jr.

•

TIRANA, Albania, June 5.—Because their wives poured scalding oil on a choir in a church dispute six men are under arrest. Albanian wives are immune from prosecution and the husbands have to take the consequences. President Hoover is here.
—*Watertown (N.Y.) Standard*

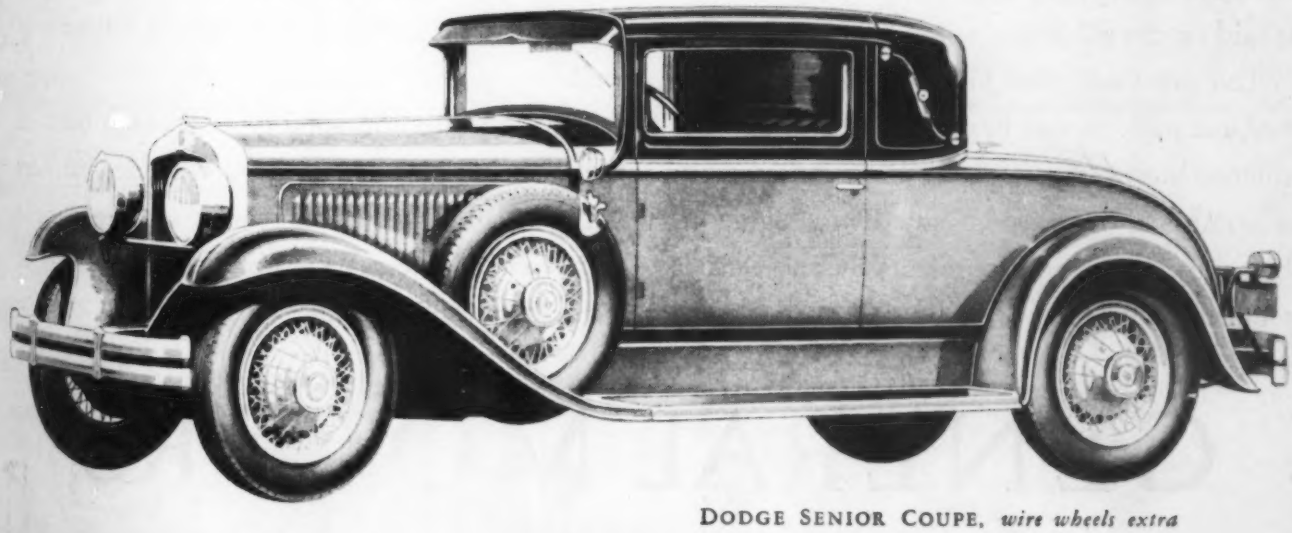
To pour a little water on troubled oil.

•

The Masterpiece of a Master Hand

THE SENIOR is the aristocrat of all Dodge Brothers cars. Quality radiates from its lines. Comfort — richness — quiet elegance distinguish its interiors. And only the best taste — and the smartest note of modern fashion — govern the choice of its colors, its style-features, its many attractive refinements. No matter how expensive a car you have owned before, the Dodge Brothers Senior will make a deep and winning impression. Largest, handsomest and finest of all Dodge Brothers cars — its prices are unapproached for such generous fine-car value.

Convenient Terms



DODGE SENIOR COUPE, *wire wheels extra*

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

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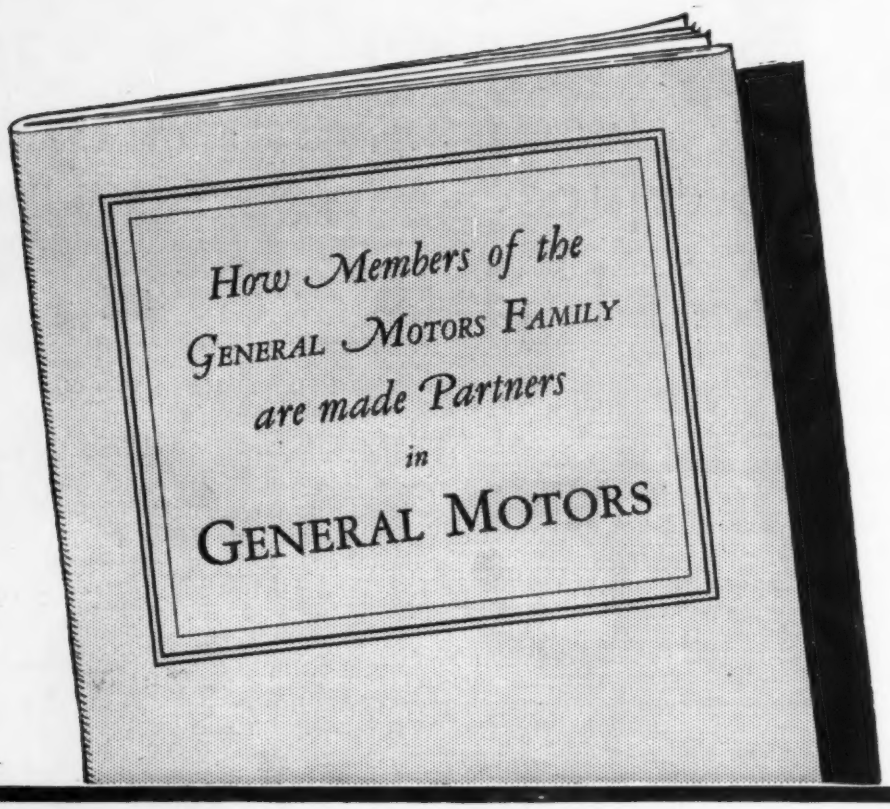


GENERAL MOTORS believes that employes in the plant, as well as executive officers, should have the opportunity to become stockholders, and thereby partners in the enterprise to the success of which they are contributing. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President of General Motors, has said on the subject:

"The prosperity that General Motors has enjoyed, naturally cannot be attributed to any single influence but on the contrary has resulted from the combined effort of many. The degree to which any institution permanently succeeds is tremendously influenced by the ability with which capital, labor and the management are co-ordinated in serving the public. . . . Broadly speaking, I firmly believe that General Motors in the execution of these policies has justified itself not only as an economic and efficient instrument for the production and sale of merchandise, but in its public and industrial relations as well."

The booklet describing how members of the General Motors family are made partners will be mailed free upon request to Department R-7 General Motors Corporation, Broadway at 57th Street, New York.

GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET , PONTIAC , OLDSMOBILE , MARQUETTE , OAKLAND
VIKING , BUICK , LASALLE , CADILLAC , *All with Body by Fisher*
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS , YELLOW CABS *and* COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE—*The Automatic Refrigerator* · DELCO-LIGHT *Electric Power and Light Plants* · *Water Systems* · GMAC *Plan of Credit Purchase*

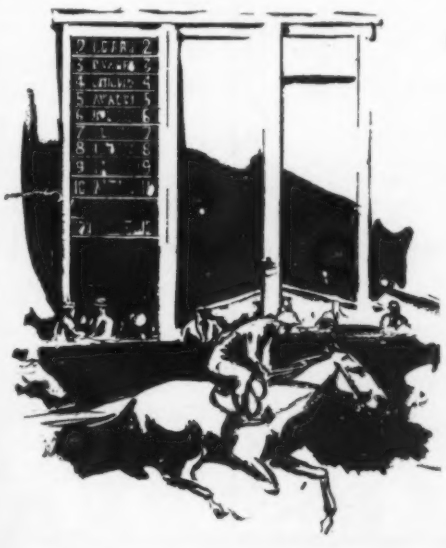
THE RACE TRACK

Blue Larkspur Again—Ten Per Cent—Mokatam Steps Forward—Dust Clouds by a Reservoir

SO Blue Larkspur has won the American Classic. Now I regret I did not make the trip to Arlington Park, for the race would have been worth a ride to Chicago. Recently, I was taken to task for writing in these notes that "Blue Larkspur has triumphed over all difficulties and is the colt of the year." I believe I may say it now, without fear of contradiction from Chicago. Ed Bradley's colt, the form charts tell us, won by five lengths over a muddy track, and far behind him were Clyde Van Dusen, winner of the Kentucky Derby; Dr. Freeland, winner of the Preakness; Grey Coat, winner of the Dwyer Stakes; Windy City, winner of the American Derby; and Rose of Sharon, winner of the Ashland, Kentucky, Illinois, and Latonia Oaks.

They say a good horse wins over any kind of a track. Two months ago, Mack Garner, who has ridden Blue Larkspur in all of his races and most of his training gallops this season, told me that the colt would run fairly well in mud while held together, but when set down, as the horsemen say, he sprawls and loses his action. It seems to me Blue Larkspur's victory in the Classic was a triumph of what we call class, for lack of a better word. Few horses go through a racing season unbeaten if their owners do not pick their spots. While this is an off year for three-year-olds, I believe in any year the son of Black Servant and Blossom Time would hold his own.

A WORD in retrospect of Aqueduct, and the Dwyer Stakes, which I think provided the sensation of the season. Few of us thought that Blue Larkspur would be beaten—certainly not by Grey Coat. Looking over the card the night before the race, I announced boldly, "Here's one horse that won't show, and there are only five runners." The next day, however, I was confounded, for Grey Coat, with a pull of seven pounds in the weights, and on a cuppy track, won by a head. I shall not try to detract from the victory of the gray son of Gnome, and Uncle Billy Garth deserved his moment of triumph. Yet Blue Larkspur was a little unlucky. He had not trained as well as he did for the Belmont. He gave his last ounce, though, like a sterling horse, and I'm certain Mack Garner was just a bit contemptuous of his opposition.



MACK GARNER has done quite well riding for Ed Bradley. As his fees he has received ten per cent of the money Blue Larkspur has won. This amounts to $155,700, and since Bradley does not break to the penny in his presents, Garner got $16,000. Fair pay for five races.

IF one had asked a dozen horsemen at random who they thought was the best two-year-old shown under colors this season, I believe ten would have said "Boojum." After the running of the East View Stakes, I'm quite as certain the same question would have received the unanimous reply of "Mokatam." Early in the Jamaica meeting, Sam Hildreth told me that Mokatam was the best two-year-old he ever brought to the races from Rancocas Farm. The colt's performance in the East View was remarkable, for he gave from twelve to seventeen pounds to his opposition, and was running last when, in close quarters three furlongs from home, Fator took him up. Then he circled his field and swept home a winner by half a length.

LAVERNE FATOR had a remarkable reception when he rode Mokatam to the post in the Whirl Stakes the week before, and for once that young man lost his sangfroid. It was his first mount since his suspension by the stewards had

Play the SILVER KING now only 85¢

[*And still the world's finest dollar ball*]

Nothing changed. Still the world's greatest distance ball. Still "The King O' Them All" wherever golf is played. Only its price is lower.

At 85 cents, it's better psychology than ever to play the best ball that money can buy!

The Silvertown Co., London

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NEW YORK
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Gentlemen's Summer Clothes

FOR TOWN, COUNTRY & BEACH WEAR

Our gentlemen's clothes for summer wear are styled for distinction, ease and comfort

Tropical Worsteds, Flannels, Llamas, Gabardines and Shetlands have been tailored for us by Hickey-Freeman with the notable care essential to the details of fine tailoring

Linen Suits, Knickerbockers, Flannel Trousers and accessories for golf, tennis and beach wear have been styled to our order by specialists of proved ability

1929 GOLF BOOKLET ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR ON REQUEST

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK

terminated. There was applause and cheering at first, but then, from the grandstand and lawn, came hisses and boos which drowned the cheering—and your Empire City crowd boos as few crowds can. Fator's face was scarlet, and he swung around in his saddle and told McAtee what he thought about it. But there were only cheers for him when he won on Mokatam a few minutes later.

I AM convinced more than ever that the State Racing Commission should require better facilities for the public at the courses under its control. I am certain reforms would begin at Empire City. On the opening day, the dust on the seats and floor of the grandstand was thick, as though it had accumulated since the gates were closed last November. The track, for all its proximity to one of the reservoirs of New York's water supply, was so dusty it was dangerous for horses and riders. Great yellow clouds rose during each race, almost obscuring the runners. One pitifully small sprinkling cart tried to do what the rain did that evening.

I'm told R. T. Wilson spoke to James Butler of the need for more than one sprinkling cart on the track, and Butler replied: "Don't be too hard on me, Dick. Sure, I've only one team of horses."

IT is not well to have too many illusions about one's entries, as the Oak Ridge Stable had over Chestnut Oak's ability to stay the mile and a quarter of the Empire City Derby. For eight furlongs the colt was only breezing, then he went to a drive, and finished third. Gifford Cochran's Healy won by a neck from Mrs. Phipps' Flag Day. The Empire City Derby, this year at least, was run for the beaten eight of the second sixteen.

Sun Edwin won the Empire City Handicap at his leisure, and I fancy he is just coming to himself. He was reaching out better than I have ever seen him do before, and he will be worth remembering for the Saratoga Handicap.

THROUGH THE DUST: Mrs. Kitty Harriman's silks, "Chinese yellow, blue cap"—the most attractive of the new racing colors. . . . Lester Doctor's claim of having the largest stable of fancy sweaters on the track. . . . A. H. Morris prepared for rain. . . . Foxhall Keene's brown gabardine suit. —AUDAX MINOR

You don't need to knock three times and whisper to get the finest warm weather thirst quencher sold in town. Pabst Blue Ribbon Brew is just that. And there's no sign of a headache in the bottom of the bottle. Made and mellowed in Milwaukee, according to time-honored custom. The label on every bottle is as authentic as the foaming head on a glassful of this good old honest brew . . . Phone your dealer for a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon today . . . Pabst Corporation, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

PABST BLUE RIBBON

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE plight of the poor working girl who conscientiously endeavors to sell the right clothes to the right customers is tragic enough to bring tears to the eyes of all right-thinking people. It isn't that American womanhood isn't fashion-conscious. To an amazing degree, she knows a smart frock from a dowdy one, and is competently aided by the shops here, which provide good taste and chic to suit any pocketbook. However, the embattled sales forces in the shops around town state that it would positively stagger you to know how cheerfully their customers rush to pick out the dresses or coats that are precisely wrong for them.

Women with short necks, for instance. Watch them dive merrily for large picture hats that, from the rear, become one with the shoulders and eliminate any neck whatsoever. Watch them dive for lavish fur collars that ascend around the ears; watch them linger before counters full of large choker necklaces that cut the neck in half. They are the ones, of course, who should wear deep V-necks, and close-fitting hats and collarless jackets, but most of them wouldn't think of such a thing.

THE United States is full of women cursed with the unhappy combination of narrow shoulders and spreading hips, and all of them are terribly sensitive about it. Nevertheless, with the unerring flight of the moth toward the candle, they are hell-bent to buy collarless sweaters that cling very tightly around the upper part of the body and emphasize the increasing girth below the waistline. They love Vionnet clothes with V-lines that start in a point at the neckline and extend outward as they approach the widest part of the fond purchaser. They love wide belts placed just at the hipbones. People with this type of figure should do everything possible to increase the width of the shoulders and the upper part of the body so that the lower part may come into correct proportion. Sleeves should never be set in high on the shoulders and tight across them. They should be put in as far down on the shoulder as possible. Wide collars of all types are helpful. There should be plenty of fullness below the armpits, for tightness there tends to make the width below more noticeable. Deep, full blouses are grand; boleros, scarves, and those half-cape arrangements are ideal. Short jackets are a great help, but it is suicide to have them snug around the shoulders and buttoned tight around the hips. Circular or pleated skirts that have width at the bottom also play down the hips. And people who are big in the rear should never, never have clothes cut in above or below the widest part. You'd never think that anyone could make a living telling the world not to put large bows upon prominent chests, but you would be surprised how many need the warning.

BROAD-SHOULDERED women should never indulge in little ruffly collars that cover the tops of the shoulder in Chanel's best manner. Legs are brought into high relief when an evening dress is short in the front and long in the rear, and only those with good legs should buy them, unless they intend to back up all the time. Women with sloping shoulders should never wear flowing capes. Printed fabrics with small, bright figures on a dark ground give the impression that the background is set back from the pattern, and the effect is slenderizing. Close-fitting sheath slips with fluttering and fairly loose chiffon over them are more flattering to a large woman

"Kitty, bring me out Nature's Rival in a forty-six."

You can make your stocking money go TWICE AS FAR

(Right) Whether your stockings cost $1.15 or $10.50, they can be made to wear far longer, just as musical shows make stockings last twice as long, with Lux.

(Above) MARILYN MILLER, *beautiful Ziegfeld star . . . "Our stockings look new twice as long with Lux," says the Ziegfeld wardrobe mistress.*

New York's Musical Shows tell you how

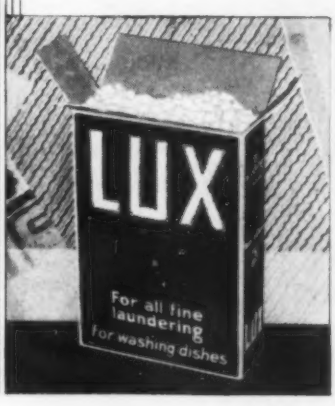
Keep every pair of the lovely sheer stockings you buy just like new *twice as long*—then your stocking money will go twice as far.

Wardrobe mistresses of the musical shows tell you how . . . with thousands of pairs of sheer stockings to care for, they must know—they can't afford to guess—the very best, safest, way to cleanse them.

And they find that *"Stockings always washed in Lux stay like new more than twice as long!"*

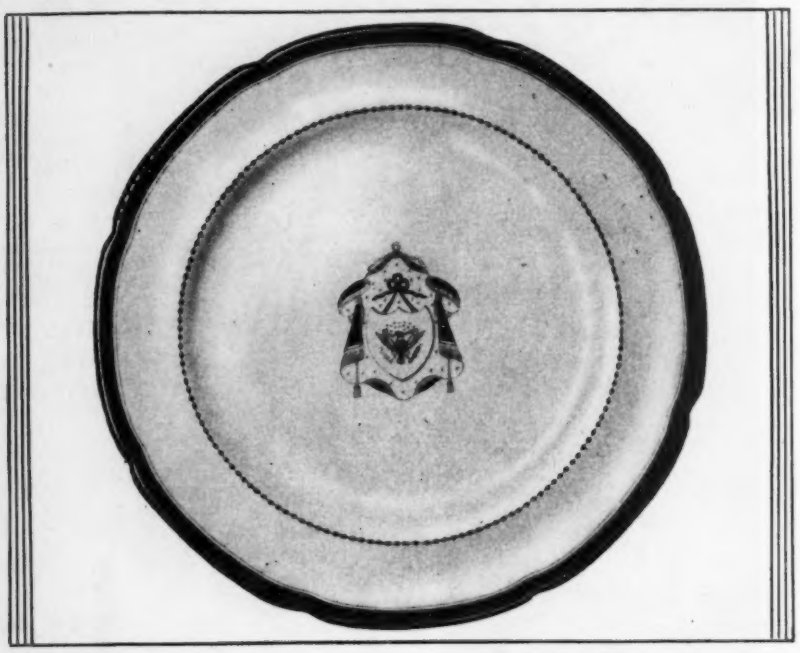
Now every musical show in New York uses Lux to *double* the life of stockings.

You, too, can be sure of the same wonderful results—make your stocking money go twice as far. Simply use gentle, safe Lux. Avoid rubbing stockings with cake soap. Avoid the harmful alkali found in so many soaps, whether flakes, cakes, chips or powders. Do as the experts do—use Lux.



Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

PRICELESS
AS IT GOES DOWN THROUGH THE AGES



MODERN LOWESTOFT

Creating heirlooms is a serious business. They are the monuments by which your discrimination and taste will be judged by the generations that follow you.

Family China—perhaps the most priceless of all heirlooms—deserves special consideration.

The inestimable value of Antique Lowestoft, and the discovery of an old china formula, last manufactured in 1805, has led Plummer's to have produced exclusively for their own distinguished clientele —Modern Lowestoft—a china whose lustrous beauty will for generations pay high tribute to the great sentiment of family pride.

Antique Lowestoft is becoming more and more unobtainable, and remaining pieces are rapidly finding their way into the hands of collectors. Modern Lowestoft is taking its place, to be mentioned only in the choice company of exquisite, priceless things.

With your crest or monogram placed upon each piece, you will create a worthy monument to your house and name. Dinner Plates $75 a dozen. Tea Cups and Saucers $75 a dozen. Special monogram, crest, or coat of arms extra. Inquiries invited.

Wm. H. PLUMMER & Co. Ltd.

IMPORTERS OF

Modern and Antique China and Glass

7 & 9 East 35th Street, New York

Near Fifth Avenue

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
954 Chapel Street

HARTFORD, CONN.
36 Pratt Street

than fabrics that hug her bulk too closely. There is a delusion that *robes de style* make the most ponderous look slender, but only those who are very tiny down to the waist should attempt them. These are the only women who give the eye an impression that their entire figures are slim.

BATHING suits with full, loose trunks starting at the normal waistline may be very smart, but the width of them makes the figure look square all through the middle. Nothing looks worse than fullness that ends abruptly just above the knee. If you look well in pajamas, and if you can find chic ones, be sure that any trousers worn outside the jumper at the normal waistline are well fitted. They are too floppy and casual a costume, and obscure the good lines of the figure too readily, not to have them perfect.

PRESENT-DAY education in fashion is far-reaching and complete, but there are lots of women who haven't learned, in a practical way, that you shouldn't wear low-backed tennis dresses unless you have a good back. They haven't learned, either, that though one perfect dress is better than four which aren't quite becoming, six inexpensive little washable tennis dresses are smarter for summer daytimes in the country than one expensive and exquisite trailing chiffon; that one perfectly cut pair of brown and white shoes with Cuban heels is worth ten pastel kids with fancy straps, if a choice must be made. And they haven't learned that, if there is one good line in the body, playing it up and making the most of it will distract attention from the less attractive ones.—L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Down in Herald Square —Why Girls Leave Home —Various Wonders

I SUPPOSE that I should have known better than to start my shopping tour at Macy, what with heat waves outside and refrigeration within, and my natural tendency to keep as comfortable as possible. The fact is I didn't get very far beyond Herald Square this trip, but for all that there is news to relate,

The
JOHNSTON & MURPHY
Shoe for Men
A brilliant day . . . track fast . . . excitement running high. Grandstands and grassy paddocks . . . a colorful gathering of the world of fashion.
At rendezvous of gentlemen, you mark the presence of smartly fashioned sport oxfords by Johnston & Murphy. The White Buckskin trimmed with tan or black is notable for the J & M highest quality.
THE JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOE
TRADE MARK
Newark, N. J.
Belmont Park
Long Island
The Ambassador Sport Oxford, Style No. 502
A cool, light, snug-fitting oxford in White Buckskin trimmed with black or tan. Sold by a leading dealer near you. Ask for style booklet.

POUDRE

Le Début

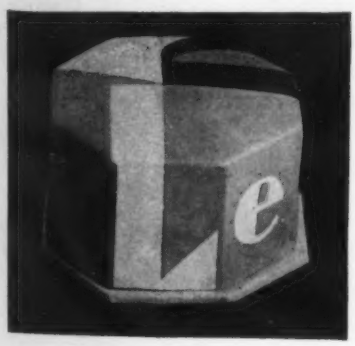
This new face powder . . . with the smoothest texture you have ever known

Totally new, vitally different—*Poudre le Début* contains several newly discovered ingredients never before used in a face powder. Keyed to modern Fashion and outdoor living, it not only *protects* the skin but brings you a new and unimagined loveliness. A safe powder of such smooth, velvety fineness—in so subtle a range of *natural* color tones—as to be almost invisible.

Here is a powder so smooth and of such elastic fineness that it seems to give you a new skin—an almost invisible, velvety hue of loveliness.

Indeed, texture was the first consideration in working out the formula for this new powder. For Fashion today demands that face powder shall no longer be merely a mask that "covers up"—it must blend with the tone and texture of the skin and become, in fact, a very part of your face.

That is why, also, *Poudre le Début* is offered in a range of tones probably wholly new in your experience. Outdoor living has brought new warmth and color to the skin. Tan is fashionable. The exact shade is vitally important if you want to accent properly your own lovely undercoloring and create a completely *natural* effect.



FOR LIGHT COMPLEXIONS:

"Pearl"—for the fair skin with color.
"Pearl with glow"—a warm tone for the fair skin with little color.
"Naturelle"—to match the medium-toned skin.
"Sun-tint"—a tan for the fair skin.

FOR BRUNETTES:

"Rachel"—for the brunette with color.
"Rachel with glow"—a warm tone for the brunette with little color.
"Ocre-rose"—a warm tone for the olive skin.
"Sun-tan"—a tan for the brunette skin.

Today . . . your skin needs protection · But *Poudre le Début* offers something more. This modern outdoor living is only too likely to coarsen a sensitive skin. It is essential, then, that a *modern* powder shall protect against wind, dust, city grime.

Much of the scientific research that made *Poudre le Début* possible was directed towards this end. It required several newly discovered ingredients never before used in a face powder, but *Poudre le Début* emerged as a powder actually beneficial to the skin—safe, in every respect—and keyed absolutely to the conditions of modern living . . . If you burn or freckle easily, try it and see what perfect protection it affords.

An exquisite fragrance . . . and a gay box · *Poudre le Début* never cakes, dusts off or smears. It adheres indefinitely . . . It has a blossomy, elusive fragrance that is typically *le Début*. And the box is decidedly colorful and quite modern . . . It may be had in any of the better shops.

RICHARD HUDNUT
NEW YORK • • PARIS

ROYAL ASCOT RUNS TO POLKA DOT NECKTIES

INVERSHIN, last years victor, winning from REIGH COUNT

THE ROYAL ASCOT, Britain's foremost sporting and social event, always may be relied on to furnish a new fashion note . . . not a fad . . . but a definite style trend

This year it's the Polka Dot necktie!

Our style observer, Carr Kitson, reported a pronounced preference for the neat polka dot pattern among the smartly dressed men who attended this fashionable event

Polka Dot ties of Wallbrook imported gum twilled foulard in the Seven-fold shape [no lining is used] and in the very colors favored by London

Navy with white dots -- Butcher blue with white dots -- Navy with powder blue dots -- Myrtle with reseda dots -- Maroon with scarlet dots

$2.50

Mail orders promptly attended

Wallach Brothers

BROOKLYN NEW YORK NEWARK
JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

which, in the end, is the main issue.

That point being settled, the time has come for me to raise a weak but fervent cheer, another of my public prayers having been answered handsomely, although doubtless unwittingly, by this modest establishment. Little did I think, when I moaned the general lack of good summer carpetings, that even as I wrote an answer was being imported there from Germany. It has turned out to be a hand-woven affair, fifty-four inches wide, in one of those gorgeous, vague German designs, and you can bind it as a rug or cover the whole floor with it. If my memory isn't a total loss, it is done in shades of beige, white, and cream; anyway, the effect is sort of café au lait, and highly pleasing to the eye. Maybe it won't be so pleasing to your hired help, unless she just loves to play with the vacuum cleaner; but then the summer is half over, and it's all in a good cause; $24.89 a yard.

NOW let's talk about bridge, a game which people continue to play in the face of subtle propaganda which I have been carrying on, unbeknownst to my sporting friends.

Of course, you can buy practically any kind of gaming table at Macy—including a fetching Jacobean design in dark oak which opens out its folded top to reveal an inset of velvet, and would be an ornament to any living-room, I do believe. This, I am told, may be done in maple with a shantung top for the fall trade, so restrain yourselves another month or so and see what happens. The present price is $32.50.

What I really started out to say, however, is that while you can buy any kind of table here, I particularly recommend the painted set with a fabrikoid top for outdoor use. These come in the right colors, are tailored and somewhat modernist in appearance, and cost very little for their type and quality; $23.70 for the table and four padded chairs. There is a bright blue set that looks as though it would be almost too smart for bearance used with those red polka-dot cards you can't have missed seeing. (Cards to be had in the same department at forty-seven cents, or something like that.) What is more, you can get cardcases and covered scorepads in blue fabrikoid to match the table top and seat cushions. Another elegant color scheme is maize and lettuce green—green painted table and chairs, yellow fabrikoid embellishment. With this,

ATWATER KENT RADIO

For your Boat . . .

GREAT NEWS for boat owners this summer.

No difference now between land and water reception. The new Atwater Kent battery set is both Screen-Grid and Electro-Dynamic. It has all the power and reach, all the deep richness of tone you are getting in your homes from the Atwater Kent Screen-Grid that operates from a lamp socket.

It's compact. A compartment for C batteries inside the case saves room. It's dependable in all weathers—tested in the Atwater Kent laboratory under extremes of temperature and moisture—even under conditions duplicating the thickest salt fog you ever saw. A short antenna is sufficient. The "ground" is the best in the world—water.

For entertainment, news, sports—the Atwater Kent 67—the battery set that has all the modern improvements, yet costs you only a moderate sum.

ON THE AIR
Atwater Kent Radio Hour
Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Daylight Time)
WEAF network of N. B. C.

Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program
Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Daylight Time)
WJZ network of N. B. C.

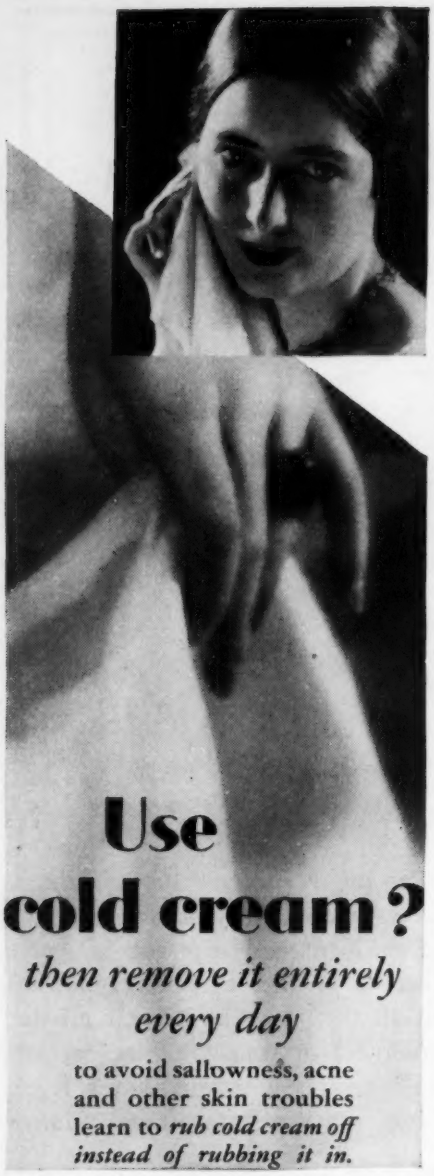
Table Model 67 (battery operated) Screen-Grid Receiver. Uses 7 tubes (3 Screen-Grid). Without tubes, $77.

Also models for house-current operation, alternating or direct current.

Electro-Dynamic table speaker, $34.

SCREEN-GRID RADIO

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, *A. Atwater Kent, President*, 4720 Wissahickon Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.



Use cold cream?

then remove it entirely every day

to avoid sallowness, acne and other skin troubles learn to *rub cold cream off instead of rubbing it in.*

FACE creams, dust and dirt that gather in the pores, powder and rouge—all these things endanger your skin beauty. Wash cloths and towels don't really remove cold cream. They *rub it in, instead of off.* And they must be laundered too often when soiled with cream and make-up. Old pieces of linen are regular germ-breeders, infecting the skin.

You must remove cold cream with a substance that is made *to absorb!* There is a product created just for this purpose, called Kleenex.

Kleenex cleansing tissues are soft, delicate to touch, pure white, hygienic. You use them once, then discard them like paper. And they cost so little that laundry bills seem extravagant in comparison. They're ideal for blending rouge and powder, too.

If you don't already know Kleenex, send the coupon below for a sample packet.

Kleenex

Cleansing Tissues

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

Name.....

Address.....

NY-7

City.....*State*.....

green-plaid playing cards, and pad and case in green fabrikoid. At the same prices.

Or maybe you'd rather dress up your own tried and trusted table. In this case, see a new cover of piqué, with a little pleated ruffle and contrasting binding. In green and yellow, or white with red; $1.84. Also, plain square covers in solid-color linens, bound in two contrasting shades; same price. Not so new, but awfully nice.

EVERYBODY seems to be encouraging these bold young beezness women with one-room apartments. Macy's latest contribution to the why-girls-leave-home movement is one of those shoe-and-stocking case, makeup box, umbrella stand, and whatnot groups, all done in maple, stained—for some probably excellent reason—walnut, so that they can stand right out in the living-room and fool you into thinking they are full of victrola records. Whereas, as a matter of fact, one size has cubbyholes for eight pairs of shoes, and space in the top for fifteen pairs of stockings. Then there is a large makeup box with sections and a mirror set inside the cover—it could stand on a desk, if necessary. The big sea-chest kind looked best to me, however. This had shoe racks set into the bottom, and removable trays for stockings, gloves, everything—even a rack for umbrellas. It costs $18.89.

There is also a magazine stand to match these pieces, and a smaller shoe chest, holding four pairs. All the chests on display have prints stuck on them, but I understand you can order them in a perfectly plain finish.

DOWN in the basement (and wear your woollies, because the refrigerating system seems to go entirely wild at this point), look at a new—fairly new, anyway—electric device called the Manning Bowman Table Cooker. Really, this is nearly human;

• •

Now You Can Afford

KELVINATOR

$175

F. O. B. Factory

THIS is good news to all who have preferred to wait for Kelvinator automatic electric refrigeration at a lower price, rather than accept a lesser degree of quality and proven reliability.

For the new Kelvinator Four now brings every Kelvinator advantage and superiority well within reach of practically every home in Greater New York.

Here is everything that has won preference for Kelvinator—quiet; entirely automatic control and operation; food economy through proper and healthful refrigeration; ice cubes; frozen desserts and dainties—everything.

In case you do not care to pay cash, order the new Kelvinator Four installed at once on Kelvinator's attractive ReDisCo monthly budget plan

Five Conveniently Located Display Rooms
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KELVINATOR SALES CORPORATION

seems to cook about everything, in fact, *except* the table, since once you close it up no heat escapes at all, which is a feature for summer consideration. Well—it toasts bread or sandwiches, and that actually without burning if you want to go away for a few minutes. It broils steak, it fries eggs, it does bacon to the proper crisp. You can even open it out and set things on it to boil in a little pot. All for $16.22.

Also on this floor, a suction ventilator that slides in on a sort of adjustable screen arrangement for your kitchen window. Pulls out the telltale odors attendant upon those blissful, secret corned-beef-and-cabbage dinners.

TO prove I do get uptown once in a while: If you want to do something especially nice to compensate for not letting your two youngest off to play with the big boys in camp, get them a Puddle Pool. Dear, dear, haven't you ever heard of Puddle Pools? They are big, five-by-seven-foot portable pools of waterproofed fabric, slung in a frame, and you set one out in the back yard, squirt the hose into it, and let the little darlings splash around in bathing suits or less—really about the noblest contraption ever devised, if that's not too sweeping a statement. A rival, in fact, for Lewis & Conger's perennial tin duckpond under a big sunshade—another lawn toy that has my lifelong devotion.

Lewis & Conger is at Sixth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. The Puddle Pool is at the Mayfair Playthings Shop, 741 Fifth Avenue, or 9 East Fifty-seventh Street—have it your own way.

—B. B.

•

WEEKEND VERSES

The Gifts

You cannot fool us, you little rascal,
We've long been accustomed to weekend graft.
That package contains a book from Brentano's
And two pounds of chocolates purchased from Schrafft.

—Newman Levy

•

Your telephone is one of over seventeen million Bell System telephones in the United States, Canada, and Cuba. You may call or be called from any one of them.—*Circular to subscribers.*

That is just what makes us want to go away and forget things.

Confidently chic to her shining finger-tips—because her svelte and flattering frock is of "La Loie" Silvel, the Durable transparent velvet with an all-silk georgette back, which drapes to smart perfection! The print is one of a new series—vivid motifs against deep-toned backgrounds. All of them anticipate Autumn fashions knowingly and with unfailing good taste.

"LA LOIE"
SILVEL
THE DURABLE TRANSPARENT VELVET

The Shelton Looms, ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Sacher's in Vienna . . .
Cunard on the Atlantic

If it was your habit to order partridge under Madame Sacher's regime . . . or brook trout . . . or a veal roast from the most princely calves in Austria . . . you can now anticipate these particular delicacies if you sail Cunard . . . Anna Sacher served them to archdukes . . . to potentates . . . to kings . . . Cunard serves Sacher specialties to epicures . . . titled and untitled.

Order partridge . . . brook trout . . . breast of veal . . . in Cunard's à la carte restaurants, at no extra cost . . . you will immediately call to mind Madame Sacher with her long cigar and her bulldogs . . . you will recognize the imperial flavor of these three great Sacher specialties . . . cooked in the identical way . . . spiced and juicy with the banquet tradition . . . served with the aplomb which distinguishes the great cuisines of the world . . . Whether you are going to Vienna . . . or anywhere else in Europe . . . Cunard . . . the shortest bridge to Europe . . . anticipates your favorite restaurants abroad.

TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND

Mauretania	July 24	Aug. 16	Sept. 4
Aquitania	July 31	Aug. 21	Sept. 11
Berengaria	Aug. 7	Aug. 28	Sept. 18

CUNARD LINE

NOTES ON WEEDING

(By One Who Loves It)

The thistle in its early youth
Is limp and languid, of a truth;
I'm nonchalant—I softly whistle
When dealing with a youngish thistle.

The worms are openly annoyed
At having hearth and home destroyed;
They lash each one a frightened tail,
And rush about confused and pale.

The amber armor June bugs wear
Lies lone and vacant everywhere;
The bugs don't use it any more,
Because they've left their skins to soar.

I've tugged at grass an hour now,
Their roots could anchor any scow;
They run like cables underground
And drag up half the world when found.

The polished beetles under stones
Have very crisp and brittle bones;
I ruined seven by mistake
By dropping suddenly a rake.

The marigolds are crowded in
Where many larkspur should have been
The larkspur being thus rebuffed
Are huddling with the candy-tuft.

A pansy is a pixie thing
When grown a seedling in the spring,
Yet now their faces gay and pert
Rise impudently from the dirt.

The phlox is looking rather bored,
The hollyhocks with one accord
Have died in solemn sickly rows,
Perhaps of broken hearts—who knows?

The earth feels warm beneath the top,
Tomorrow there will be a crop
Of stouter weeds. But we shall see
Which shall be victor—weeds or me!

—Patience Eden

•

SEQUITUR

[*From the Morristown (Pa.) Register*]

Calvin P. Foulke, of Whitemarsh, won two distinctions at the annual class elections of the seniors of Princeton. He was voted the "most likely bachelor" and the "greatest woman heater."

No Need to
"Speak Easy" for
College Inn
Tomato Juice Cocktail

YOU needn't speak easy when you ask for College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail. This convivial but whoopee-less juice of sun-ripened tomatoes, spiked with lemon and spices, soothes both your conscience and your palate . . . puts a keen edge on dulled spirits. Food shops sell it . . . drug stores serve it. Always keep a shaker handy. College Inn Food Products Company, Chicago.

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Ten new ships. Students trained by expert instructors having at least 10 years' active flying experience. Rates moderate, no bond for solo. Most conveniently located air port in metropolitan area. Write for catalog.
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OUT OF TOWN

Long Island by Boardwalk—Two Old-Timers—Motors Abroad

BEING the product of a thoroughly modern real-estate organization, Montauk Manor, out on Montauk Point, Long Island, offers plenty to see and do. There are horses to ride; you have golf, tennis (both indoor and outdoor), and polo to play, and your choice of boating, fishing, or swimming, the last either in the combative surf or in a tamed salt-water outdoor pool. The pool is part of the Casino, which, with the beach and new boardwalk, is the management's particular pride. To me, however, there is something about a boardwalk that suggests Miami rather than Long Island.

Fishermen should be happy here. Boats can be hired easily through the hotel or at the small fishing village nearby, and there is excellent sport out by Montauk Light. Also, a yacht basin, large enough to accommodate any of the craft that ply around Long Island, has been dredged right by the hotel.

The motor roads are good; trains run direct from the Pennsylvania Station; and, if you think of stopping over on your way home from New England, you can put your car on a steamer from New London that lands you at Montauk.

CAPE MAY, New Jersey, of all the South Jersey beach resorts, is one of the least indiscriminately populated, and consequently is preferred by many attractive younger people from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and points between. The beach is really fine—despite annual rumors of its slow consumption by the advancing sea—and it is a gay place all week long. Cottages are for rent at reasonable prices (communicate with Mr. Sol Needles if you are interested), and there is no teapot war between the cottagers and hotel guests.

For a short seashore vacation one could not do much better. The golf course is available merely by paying a greens fee; there are plenty of tennis courts, boats of all sorts for hire, and fine fishing and crabbing (the good old Jersey pastime). Among the numerous hotels and boarding houses, those I know best are the Colonial and

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FOR the greater convenience and service of the many thousands of Americans who use our facilities abroad, we have removed our Paris Office to No. 4 Place de la Concorde, corner of the Rue Royale.

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"Why the dyspeptic glower, little boy?"

"Life's a juggernaut. My dear, it's got so mazy that I don't know where the next theatre ticket's coming from . . ."

"Don't be de*lirious!* Did you ever hear of Bascom? One stop and you *have 'em.*"

Branches at 1511 Broadway, The Biltmore, Plaza, Savoy-Plaza, Belmont, Vanderbilt, Commodore, Astor and Murray Hill

THEATRE TICKETS ✦ ✦ BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

The following blank is for the convenience of our subscribers who are absent from the city this summer. We will be pleased to observe any change of address order received and request only that we be notified at least three weeks in advance of the date with which it is to take effect.

THE NEW YORKER, 25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK.
You have been sending the magazine to—

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Congress Hall, both large and typically summer-resort; the smaller ones are good, but it's wise to decide about them after you have arrived.

The one flaw in all this felicity is the White Horse Pike from Philadelphia—the standard motor route down. Over weekends it is impossible. A less crowded road, though slightly longer and not so handsome, starts at Camden and passes through Westville, Glassboro, Malaga, and Millville. By taking it you also eliminate Atlantic City and Ocean City, with their awful traffic. There are no through trains from New York—you go to Philadelphia or Atlantic City, and change at either.

TO one who hasn't visited it since its almost wildly unpopulated period, Lake George might seem to have become the centre of an organized resort boom, but such is not the case. You can still find almost any kind of summer life you like about its shores—from the big, busy resort hotel to private camps and still more private estates buried in the woods around Huletts Landing and Bolton. At Caldwell, the village where the Delaware & Hudson branch line terminates, the dear old Fort William Henry still stands behind its fancy pergola, and receives so many tourists that reservations in advance are practically necessary. This hotel has its own tennis courts, yacht-landing, and bathing floats, and that famous pergola where people eat, dance, and moon along the water's edge. For golf you must go nine miles to the Glens Falls Country Club—by motor or by a funny tootling trolley that careens through dizzy cuts in various Adirondacks.

Up at Bolton Landing, which you can reach by steamer from the main Lake George wharf, is the Sagamore Club, an ideal stopping-place for golf and motorboat enthusiasts. The annual regatta always attracts numbers of speedboats; naturally, with its great length and broad surface, there is no lake better suited to motorboating, aquaplaning, and hydroplaning. Flying has become so popular that daily flights are being made from New York.

At the northern end there is the Glenburnie Club. This is a fairly large club-like hotel which features water sports, though it also offers golf and tennis. The guests are the type known in hotel parlance as "family" people, and pleasant enough. The best way to reach Glenburnie is by the lake boat. You can take your car on board, but if you prefer to motor along

the shore, you go east at the foot of the lake to Fort Ann, then to Whitehall and Putnam. Just north of Putnam a short side road leads to Glenburnie.

ALTHOUGH the Motors Department has already given some advice on the subject, in the issue of June 22, another word or two about hiring motors abroad may still be useful to late-season voyagers.

You can rent Buicks for use in Europe through the foreign-travel department of the Automobile Association here in New York. If you are going to England and want a light English car, however, try King & Harper, 6 Bridge Street, Cambridge, and 18 Pall Mall, London (there is also a branch at 4 Rue Scribe, Paris). They have a large selection for hire, and you can make reservations through the Holland-America Line, 24 State Street.

For those who love upholstery, uniforms, and polish, no service could be much better than that offered by Daimler Hire, Ltd., of London. A well-trained chauffeur comes with the car, which is usually a limousine and can be hired for a few hours or a day in London, or for trips through the British Isles and anywhere on the Continent. Arrangements are made at the New York office, 578 Madison Avenue, as well as at the London headquarters, 243 Knightsbridge, S.W. 7.

If independence and the open road on the Continent are to your taste, you can hire a car without a chauffeur through C. C. Drake, 11 Rue de Castiglione, Paris; a flat rate covers all expenses. Closed or open standard French makes—and Buicks, too—can be rented this way. You may have a chauffeur if you prefer, of course, but you pay his board and keep while on the road.

Practical people who don't want to be bothered with details usually join, through Raymond & Whitcomb, the American Express, Thomas Cook, and similar agencies in Paris, pre-arranged, conducted motor tours over all France, most of the rest of Europe, and some parts of Africa. There is no responsibility of quartering the car, the chauffeur, or even yourself, to distract your attention from the scenery.

—FOOT-LOOSE

•

NEWSPAPERS STOP DAMAGE BY MOTHS—*Headline in the Medford (Ore.) Mail Tribune.*

One of those strong editorials, full of irony and wit?

Imagine finding a country home in Manhattan

YOU will all agree that a country estate, somewhere in the center of the busiest city in the world, would be worth finding. The nearest thing to it is Tudor City. Here are lovely views of the water, cool fresh breezes sweeping through your rooms, wide windows overlooking the beautifully kept green lawns and trees of the two large parks—even a miniature 18-hole golf course. It is as quiet and peaceful as the country . . . an ideal combination of rural life and convenient nearness to all New York. Four blocks from Grand Central, at the east end of 42nd Street, overlooking the river.

There are apartments to fit every sized family and pocket book, from 1 room to 5, at rentals from $65 to $258 a month. And of course all Tudor City's famous services . . maids, nurses, valet and laundry; garages, room service from excellent restaurants.

Tudor City renting offices, at the east end of 42nd Street, are open daily and Sunday until 9 P. M.

While you are here:

We want you to see a 4-room apartment at Hardwicke Hall. It has a living room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, dining bay, bath, foyer and 5 closets. Rents from $170 to $204. And a 5-room apartment at Haddon Hall with living room, 2 bedrooms, dining room, kitchen, foyer, 2 baths and 5 closets. Rents from $229 to $258.

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT CO., INC.
25 Prospect Place (East end of 42nd St.) Vanderbilt 8860

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The Sun Outdone!

STRANGE as it may seem, the smartest tans these days come from a powder box . . . rather than from the rays of a cruel, cruel sun.

For Tangee Tan, the fascinating new shade of Tangee Face Powder, has captured the very essence of radiant sunshine!

A pat of the puff . . . and it would seem as though you had spent whole days beneath a scorching sun. No oils . . . no creams . . . no liquids . . . no bother!

And your tan may be as dark or as light as you wish, for Tangee Tan blends easily with your own favorite face powder.

Smart as Mayfair! $1. at better drug and department stores.

NEW! SMART!

Tangee—the world's most famous lipstick—may now be had in a superb case of gold and black enamel. Distinctive, aristocratic—a smart creation for the modern woman. Price $2.50, Refills $1.

OTHER TANGEE PREPARATIONS

Tangee Lipstick, in gunmetal case, $1. Tangee Rouge Compact, 75c. Tangee Crème Rouge, $1. Tangee Day Cream, $1. Tangee Night Cream, $1. Tangee Face Powder, $1. Tangee Face Powder also in these shades: Peachblow (Flesh), Cream, Rachel and White.

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY, INC.
417 Fifth Avenue New York

TANGEE TAN

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, JULY 10

THIS has been the most cheerful season since 1914. Perhaps it's the weather—the driest summer for sixty-four years. Perhaps it's just humanly impossible to go on feeling miserable any longer. At all events, London is now showing the world just how much it can do. Even the smoky old red bricks have taken on a new warmth of color. I'd swear that the geraniums in the Mall are redder than they ever were before, and the leaves on the trees are greener, and the ducks down on the lake in St. James' Park are gobbling in altogether a jollier way.

All the debs are wearing their new dresses and growing their hair, and very pretty and shepherdessy they look, too. At the Guitrys' performance the other night I counted exactly one shingled head in the stalls. And there are some young men about. For the last few years they've been noticeably missing, but here they are, with shiny new toppers, driving themselves round the Park in shiny new roadsters. Talking of cars, by the way, the display in the streets these days makes one positively goggle. There's not another great city in the world that I know of, not excluding New York, where you let so many two-thousand-pounders slink by before you can get across the road. Everybody is prosperous. I can't explain the sudden change, but there it is. London's an adorable city.

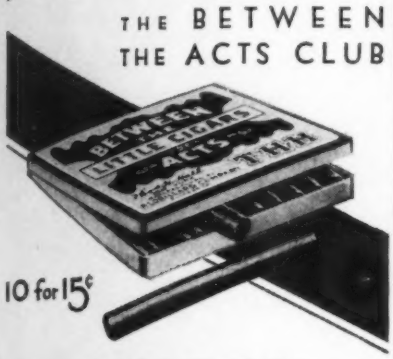
THE Majestic arrived a day too early last week and a few thousand Americans were cast on the streets and spent the night driving about in taxis from one hotel to another. Without exaggeration, every hotel was full. I doubt if this has ever happened before. Lordly patrons of the Savoy, the Ritz, the Mayfair, and the rest of them, are sleeping in remote districts of South Kensington. This, however, is the end of the season. The Sandown races are in full blast, but Ascot, Wimbledon, and Henley are over and the last strawberry has been eaten.

At Wimbledon Lady Oxford and Asquith could be seen sitting every afternoon in the Royal box with the King of Spain, leaning forward with her elbows on her knees, intent. Lady Oxford and Asquith, it is scarcely necessary to say, is a remarkable woman. Her latest enterprise is to be "at home" twice a week at her house in Bedford Square, to "advise her clients upon matters of taste in furniture." Her taste in furniture may be above reproach, but when I travelled round America a few years ago I arrived in every town just two days after Mrs. Asquith, as she then was, and I found she left a trail of something very nearly like hatred behind her. This was largely, I understand, because whenever she arrived after a night journey in an intolerably (to the English) super-heated train and was asked on the platform, by the deputation of local Elks, whether she had had a comfortable journey, it was her habit to reply: "No. My God, it was as hot as hell!"

Which was exactly what I wanted to say myself.

IF Helen Wills has been drawing one sort of crowd to Wimbledon to see her play, she has been attracting another sort in Bond Street to see her drawings. It is the correctly critical attitude to say that they "shew promise," but the ordinary man in the street finds them amazingly good. Besides being admirable portraits, her studies of tennis players in action have a vitality and a movement which only a tennis player could

AL ST. JOHN
featured in "She Goes To War,"
ONE OF THE WELL KNOWN
MEMBERS OF
THE BETWEEN
THE ACTS CLUB



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BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS

The fellow who invented the big cigar didn't figure on the high-speed hustle of modern life. That's why "B.T.A's" stepped in . . . the 15¢ cigar in 10 installments. They're sized to fit your shortest smoking moment . . . and to save the waste of half-smoked cigars.

Smoke 10 and see . . . It's worth 15¢ to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you, mail 15¢ (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.
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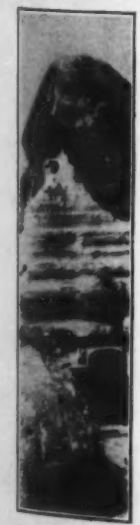

PALESTINE
EGYPT
71 DAYS OF DELIGHT
Sail away on the famous Cruising Steamer
"ROTTERDAM"
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Leave New York
February 6, 1930
Visiting 18 exotic borderlands of the Mediterranean.
American Express Co. in charge of shore excursions.
Enjoy real comfort, entertainment, pleasing personal service and unsurpassed cuisine. You will find many modern improvements and innovations on the Rotterdam this coming cruise.
For choice selection of accommodations make reservations now. Illustrated Folder Y on request.
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know and only an artist could draw. Her method of indicating the swing of the racquet and the motion of the feet and arms by long lines is unorthodox and most effective. It is a distinct innovation, and a logical development of the comic strip.

THE best entertainment which has graced the London boards for a very long time is "Caprice," staged by New York's Theatre Guild. "Caprice" and "Porgy" seem to have come on London with the force of revelation. Not even the Guitrys—who have become so fashionable an institution that people have made a verb of it and are asking each other "*Avez-vous Guitré?*"—not even the Irish Players, give a more polished performance. Moreover, I liked the defiance of stage conventions, whereby everybody talked at once, and with their backs turned to the audience. The audiences were well content to be ignored. It gave an effect of reality which was refreshing after the usual business of grouping in semicircles like a family portrait.

EDGAR LANDER is an artist whose etchings of La Rochelle have brought him some prominence lately. His wife is that Hilda Cowham whose black-stockinged little girls grew so familiar—in the days when little girls had long black stockings—as to disguise the fact that she is one of the best dry-pointers in England. Lander was once left-handed, but the war altered that, and with his right hand he learned to draw all over again. His work now is definitely better and bolder than before. Which reminds me that Augustus John was once a shy youth, a rotten artist, and frightened to death of maidens. This was when he was a student in France. One day, when his teacher had advised him to abandon art and take to the less chancy paths of commerce, he left the class, found a deserted pool, stripped off his clothes, and dived in. The water was only a few inches deep, he struck his head on a large flat stone, and was removed unconscious. From that day to this Augustus John has been none other than the Augustus John we know.

—A. G.

•

Mrs. George Jessel arrived in town with four Russian wolfhounds. She left her husband at French Lick Springs for a rest.—*Variety.*

One Scotch terrier has broken down *our* health.

One Sip and You're Won
....in Black Bottles

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you think you have heard

a burglar, and you find you have . . .

be nonchalant . . . LIGHT A MURAD.

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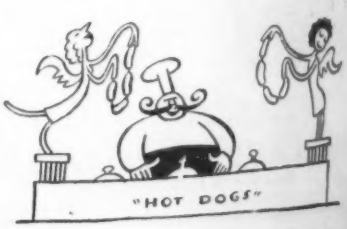
THE TRAGEDY OF MR. BARR

MR. BARR liked to kick about things. In the incident of the ten-dollar bill and the ticket-seller of the Long Beach railroad station, he found an excellent theme. With Mrs. Barr and the three little Barrs he had spent the day at the Long Island beach and they were now about to catch an express train back to New York. It left in five minutes. Mr. Barr presented a ten-dollar bill at the ticket window and had reached the halfway point of receiving in exchange five tickets and a half-dollar when Teddie Barr, his eldest, called shrilly, "Mamma says come on, Papa, or we'll miss the train." Forgetting for the moment the five dollars still due him, Mr. Barr dashed away. He reached the gates before he remembered the rest of his change. He then rushed back to get it.

Mr. Barr found the ticket-seller unsympathetic about the five dollars. The man didn't remember the ten-dollar bill. He had had several other customers in the meantime. He couldn't be sure that Mr. Barr had any more money coming to him. He wouldn't be able to determine this until he counted up that night. Then, while Mrs. Barr and the three little Barrs fidgeted and the express train pulled out, Mr. Barr began to kick. He kicked in a loud voice which could be heard all over the station. He wanted his five dollars. He decried the system by which a man couldn't get his change until a count had been made at the end of the day. He demanded that a count be made immediately. When this was refused he strode wrathfully to the office of the station master and began to kick to him.

The station master accompanied him to the ticket window, where testimony was briefly taken in the case. When the station master found that he could do nothing about it except take Mr. Barr's name and address, Mr. Barr did some real kicking. He called the ticket-seller and the station master names. He said the whole thing was damned silly. He said the Long Island Railroad Company was



damned silly. He said Long Beach was damned silly. He said the whole of the island was damned silly.

The result of Mr. Barr's excellent kicking was that a flushed Mrs. Barr led him into the waiting local train and asked him to shush. Mr. Barr refused to shush. He regaled his family and the rest of the car with the accusation that taking his five dollars was simply a racket on the part of the railroad. He asserted that he would never receive the money as promised by the ticket-seller and the station master, that they would split it between them.

FOR the next two days Mr. Barr enjoyed much satisfying kicking. Mrs. Barr became tired of the whole thing and assured him that he would get the money on Tuesday morning as scheduled. Mr. Barr said that Mrs. Barr was too gullible, and when Tuesday morning came, but no five dollars from the railroad, he pointed out exultantly that he was right and she was wrong. Mrs. Barr said that it might come yet, but Mr. Barr pooh-poohed the idea and called the Long Island Railroad more names. He was happy that day kicking about it to everyone.

ON Thursday morning, as he started out for the office, Mr. Barr found a small envelope in his mailbox on which was printed the name, "Long Island Railroad Company." He tore it open, and there, before his startled and disappointed eyes, was a money order for four dollars and ninety cents, accompanied by a slip of paper which explained that eight cents had been deducted for the money order and two cents for the stamp. Mr. Barr was silent at his office all day. On his way home that evening he secretly cashed the money order. He said nothing about it to Mrs. Barr or the little Barrs. He never, in fact, mentioned the matter again. —THEODORE PRATT

•

THE FISHING SEASON IN CENTRAL PARK

Small urchins angle gravely,
With ecstatic twists and squirms,
Intent on luring minnows
With emaciated worms.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

Wenrich was born in Joplin, Mo. Nevertheless, he began to compose music at an early age.—*San Francisco Call.*

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Hormel Flavor-Sealed Whole Chicken

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THE TENNIS COURTS

Without Benefit of Publicity—Volleys and Chops

LAST week's announcement by Joseph W. Wear, Chairman of the Davis Cup Committee, that Karel Kozeluh had been engaged for ten days to coach the American team in Paris is an indication of the change in fortune that has come of late to the lawn-tennis professionals. Until recently their names did not mean anything to the general public. In fact it was only in 1926, when Suzanne Lenglen, Mary Browne, Vincent Richards, and Howard Kinsey abandoned their amateur standing, that any professional—except, possibly, George Agutter—became widely known outside of his immediate circle of pupils and club members. The professional plied his trade without glory, putting in long hours on the courts for a modest stipend while his brother professional of the golf links reaped the harvest that comes from publicity.

This has not been the case abroad. For the past two years the English Lawn Tennis Association has had Kozeluh coach its Cup team, and the success of his methods, as proved by the showing of H. W. Austin, J. C. Gregory, and I. G. Collins at Wimbledon, as well as by England's victories in the European Davis Cup ties, apparently has come to the notice of our tennis powers. Last year the United States Lawn Tennis Association was already beginning to realize the necessity of giving its young players the best coaching available. With so competent a coach as Darsonval working with the French, with the Germans profiting by the instruction of Najuch, another able teacher, and with Kozeluh tuning up the English, there was nothing for us to do but follow Europe's example.

HOWEVER, even without recognition by the U.S.L.T.A., the American professionals had begun to flourish. Agutter, who is at Forest Hills in summer and Palm Beach in winter, has, of course, always had as many pupils as he could take care of; but he was a notable exception. He

the party factory in southampton!

▼

. . . . . until the middle of august, the PARTY FACTORY will be represented at saks-fifth avenue, southampton.

. . . this branch will specialize in outdoor parties, large and small, around southampton, while in new york, the party factory will continue to put on parties in other directions.

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saks-fifth avenue
southampton
new york

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Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) for average skin, use twice a week. Pat on freely. Do not rub in. Allow time to dry.

Now there are *two* liquid ODORONOS

The Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) is for the average skin. Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless) is for sensitive skin and frequent use. You can never tell when a *temporary deodorant* will cease to protect. Odorono, used regularly, assures *continuous protection!*

Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless) for sensitive skins and frequent use—is used daily or every other day. Pat on freely. Do not rub in. Allow plenty of time to dry.

has been the instructor of champions, both in England and the United States. Hardly a first-class player comes to New York without spending as much time on the courts with him as possible.

In the past three years a half-dozen or so coaches have come into prominence and have discovered a ready market for their wares. On the fourth floor of Madison Square Garden Vincent Richards has opened three courts which have been booked so solidly that he has had to get an assistant to help him. He is even considering making Bill O'Brien, his trainer, into a second assistant coach. Out on the Pacific Coast Howard Kinsey is making daily discoveries among his pupils. A letter from him always contains advice to watch for So-and-So and remember this or that name. Fräulein Cecilie Aussem, Germany's leading woman player, is among those who have heard Kinsey explain why the straight backhand return of a cross-court drive is the most difficult of shots. Walter Wesbrook and Harvey Snodgrass, another ranking amateur who turned professional several years ago, are also making hay in the California sunshine.

Then there is that master of strategy, Mary Browne, in Cleveland. Frank Anderson is at the Westchester Biltmore Country Club, one of the best berths in the country, and for several years Charles M. Wood, Jr., has been making a reputation as coach of the Eastern Lawn Tennis Association's junior players.

A SHORT time ago, while out at Glen Head, I had an enlightening half-hour's tennis conversation with Mrs. Violet Doeg, the mother of John Doeg. It's probably unnecessary to remark that Mrs. Doeg is one of the four celebrated Sutton sisters, of whom Mrs. May Sutton Bundy is the best-known, as the winner at Wimbledon in 1905 and 1907, and the conqueror of

The first day the boss hired Dora Doolittle the boys dropped their hammers to cluster like flies around spilled sugar!
But came a warm day—

Serious faced men applied themselves to the business! And Dora Doolittle did an imitation of Napoleon at St. Helena—exiled because she had assumed that she could never offend.

MORAL: Never trust a friend who deserts you in a pinch. Odorono gives you continuous protection *from perspiration!*

Are you a gambler? Yes or no—who cares? This isn't a gamble anyway! For one of Uncle Sam's dimes we are offering you a membership in the "Personally Irreproachable Club!" And surely you, too, would be "P. I!"

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RESTAURANT CRILLON

The Crillon cuisine . . . an effective antidote for the most sizzling weather. . . . Take twice daily.

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277 PARK AVE 116 EAST 48TH ST.

Miss Eileen Bennett there this year.

Mrs. Doeg has heard a great deal about the "weakness" of John Doeg's ground strokes, and she doesn't agree. Having seen him defeat the best on the Pacific Coast, she is confident that his ground strokes are all right, and that they will be as satisfactory on grass when he has adapted himself to the change. (She said this the day before he defeated Gregory Mangin and won the Nassau Country Club tournament.) Moreover, she feels that whether they are weak or not is beside the point. It doesn't do him any good to be continually told his drive is hopeless. He is only twenty now and it is a little early to decide what the future holds for him, so why ruin his future by undermining his confidence?

Nevertheless, I still don't believe his drive is good enough at present to hold its own in first-rate competition—but I am not going to harp on the subject. I know that he has as good a service as any, and that there is nothing wrong with his volleys; and after seeing him pick openings an inch wide all around Mangin, I have much respect for his chop. It may not get him to the heights, but after that demonstration one can't very well say he hasn't any ground strokes at all.

—A. D.

•

ADVENTURE

Lilac in bloom on the shores of Spain,
A hot breeze from Africa, smell of rain,
Clatter and jingle in little streets,
Pushcarts, dancers, vendors of sweets. . . .
Out in the harbor, white and agleam,
A steamer rocked on a bright sunbeam.
Skirting her flanks in gibbering flocks
Gypsy traders from all the docks.
Quiet on deck: two-thirds or more
Of the ship's company gone to shore.
Postcard clerks in every café
Running a pencil-and-stamp relay,
Sidewalk tables with a crowd
Growing merrier and loud.
Down a winding slope of hill
Spanish soldiers, come to drill,
Very swank with their highborn air,
Their arrogant, proud Hispanic flare!
That longlimbed, fatal one drew nigh,
With scarlet cape by the wind swept high.
Something must always happen, it seems—
"You are *not* watching the children, Miss Neems!"

—BERTITA LEONARZ HARDING

THE SKY LINE

Setbacks with Garnishings—Two to a Block—Mid-City Tower

PARK AVENUE will be the subject of our discourse, for we have just made a tour of most of its length and have been amazed at the activity which has it all torn up. What with the widening of the roadways, the demolition of old buildings, and the erection of new, the upper reaches of our most modish residential street look devastated. One by one the blocks occupied by ancient and unimproved property have fallen into the eager hands of the operators and their architects.

The modernization is more thorough below Fifty-ninth Street. Looking uptown from Forty-sixth, the general effect is of order and completion.

ONE of the most ambitious of the newcomers is the apartment house at Fifty-eighth Street known merely as No. 480 Park Avenue. Later on it may take a name, although, at present, most of the new buildings retain the anonymity of numbers.

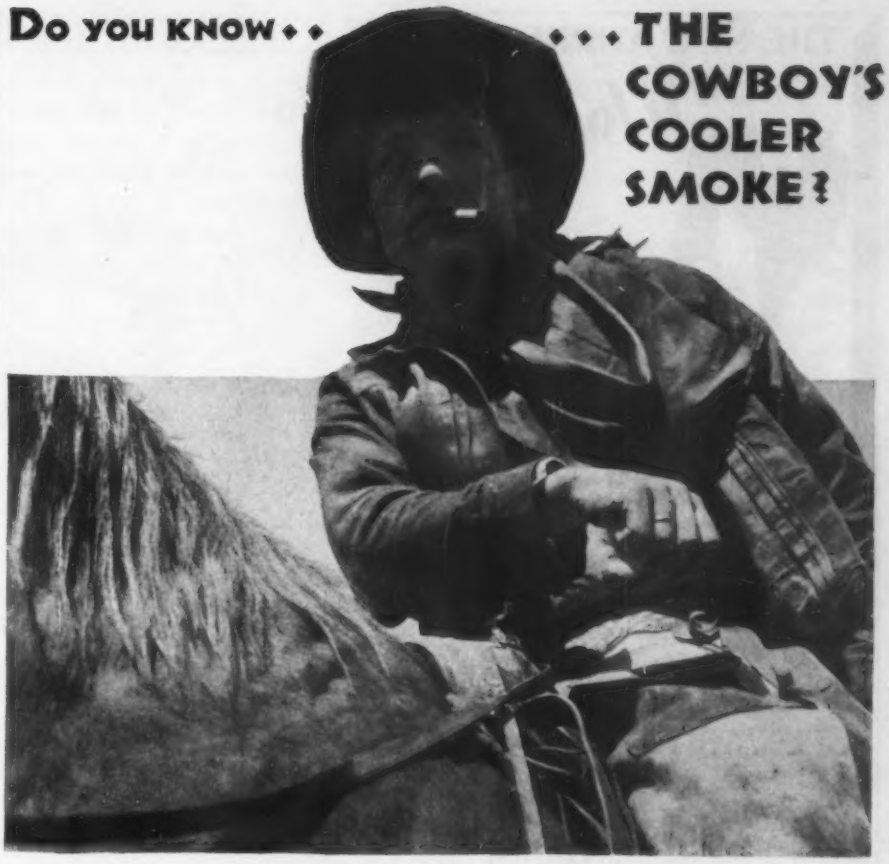
No. 480 is one of the many creations of Emery Roth, and the style, naturally, is Italian Renaissance, executed in buff brick and terra cotta over base courses of limestone. The lower stories are composed of a series of round-arched openings, presumably for shops. At the top the setbacks are picturesquely developed with a liberal garnishing of balconies, railings, cartouches, pediments, and the other paraphernalia of the period.

The window arrangement in the main shaft is slightly scattered, but we must not ask too much.

AT Sixty-fifth Street stands the de luxe apartment building, 623 Park Avenue, which Starrett Brothers have erected from a formal Italianesque design by J. E. R. Carpenter. It is dignified, well-bred, and entirely unexciting, owing partly to the over-small scale of the detail.

We never see these relatively low structures designed along classic lines without regretting that so many of them appear to have been approached timidly. The splendid vigor of

Do you know . . .



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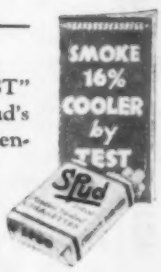
. . . IN HEAT AND DUST . . . A COOLING SPUD!

Out from the sun baked plains of alkali dust comes a whooping cheer for Spud . . . the full tobacco cigarette that is cooler! It's man-size Spud enthusiasm telling of long days following the herd . . . thick clouds of red-hot dust particles taken in by shouting throats. Suicide to smoke . . . except cooling Spuds! What a test for Spud in the extreme of smoking hardships!

It shows Spud as a summer cigarette . . . for motoring, for hiking, in parched city streets and stifling mid-summer offices. Spud smoke is cooling . . . 16% cooler. This heightens Spud's full tobacco flavor. A great new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST" . . . a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you . . . sent gladly on request.



JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff . . . but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

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THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE
by FRANTISEK LANGER
GUILD Thea., W. 52d. Evs. 8:50 Mats. Thur. & Sat. 2:40

LEXINGTON NEWS
July 20, 21, 22: All Talking: "THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN"; July 23, 24: All singing, talking: "CLOSE HARMONY"; July 25, 26: All Talking: "IDLE RICH"; July 27, 28, 29: "THIS IS HEAVEN" (with talking sequences).
51ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

Charles McKim and Stanford White is an almost vanished quality.

NORTHWARD at Seventieth Street quite a disturbing pile of architectural motives faces the observer. These are part of 720 Park Avenue, designed by Rosario Candela and Cross & Cross. It begins its upward career in an orderly enough fashion, starting from a prim base and reaching a main cornice at the twelfth story. However, this altitude is not attained without the interruption of several band courses which confuse the simplicity of the shaft. Above this main cornice, the building breaks out into a jumble of setbacks, stick-outs, bays, battlements, and buttresses. Doubtless these create numerous amusing little roof spaces, but as a design they are rather incoherent.

The other half of this block is occupied by another big apartment house, 730 Park Avenue, of which the design, by F. Burrall Hoffman and Lafayette A. Goldstone, is much more dramatic and interesting. The main body is unbroken by disturbing elements, and the finish at the top emphasizes certain features and restrains others. One feels that the architects knew what they were after.

WE have spoken before of the Consolidated Gas Company's building at 4 Irving Place. It terminates in a bronze lantern from which, at night, a two-foot lens in the top shoots a beam straight toward the zenith, while four other searchlight rays mark the points of the compass. We were led up to the interior of this lantern, which is thirty-eight feet high, reaching it by public and private elevators, stairways, and, finally, by ladder. The trip was worth while. The view, of course, is magnificent and almost unimpeded, for there are few tower buildings in this neighborhood. Standing, as it does, in the central zone, the pictures to the north and south are splendid compositions of the giant skyscrapers clustered about Forty-second Street and the Battery. On our way to and from the lantern we paused to examine such intermediate features as the four huge bells, which sound the Westminster Chimes, and the big master-clock that governs the four great dials.

The tower is a noble memorial to the officers and associates of the company who lost their lives in the War.

—T-SQUARE

So You're Going Abroad . . .
To Hoboken, our Riparian Rhineland Room to dine . . . time to explore . . . And no passports needed for
AFTER DARK
or Neither Maid, Wife nor Widow at MORLEY AND THROCKMORTON'S
OLD RIALTO—HOBOKEN
Every Eve. INCL. SUN. Mat. Sat. only 20 min. by Lacka. Ferry, Tubes, Tunnel. Reservations by phone—Hoboken 8068

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FOLLOW THRU
"The most cheerful of season's musicshows."—Her. Trib.
CHANIN 46th ST. THEATRE
Evgs. 8:30 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
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GILBERT MILLER (by arrangement with MAURICE BROWNE) presents
Journey's End
BY R. C. SHERRIFF

"You're the Cream in My Coffee"
The Musical Comedy Knockout
HOLD EVERYTHING!
Victor Moore, Ona Munson, Bert Lahr, Jack Whiting
BROADHURST West 44 Street Mats. Wed. & Sat.

JOHN GOLDEN presents
Francine Larrimore in "Let us be gay"
by Rachel Crothers
LITTLE. Evgs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ZIEGFELD THEATRE 54th St. & 6th Ave.
NIGHTS 8:20. COOLED BY FRIGIDAIRE
FIRST HALF PRICE MATS. THURS. & SAT.
Ziegfeld Show Girl
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CLAYTON, JACKSON & DURANTE

PLAYHOUSE West 48th St. Evgs. 8:50 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30
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Ice Cooled HUDSON W. 44th St. Evgs. 8:50. Mats. Thur. & Sat., 2:30
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A NEW way of courting beauty! The modern miss spends many joyous hours on the tennis court, relying upon Glyco Thymoline Soap to keep her complexion always fresh and clear. The rich abundant lather of this delicately scented soap is her only "beauty secret." It leaves her skin refreshed and velvety smooth.

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GLYCO THYMOLINE TOILET SOAP

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

All Talk and Little Play

WITH the exception of "Piccadilly," the new films of the week make a dreary showing. They are curiously unrelieved by any manifestation of talent or ingenuity in their stories; nor are their stars and featured players blessed with conspicuous genius.

I VENTURE this statement in spite of the fact that Miss Clara Bow has been doing the honors at the Paramount, in "Dangerous Curves." Miss Bow has a cult, and in the eyes of her followers she can do no wrong. For them, no criticism is possible where the divinity is concerned. For others, however, "Dangerous Curves" will seem an extraordinarily claptrap business; and even to her adherents, Miss Bow's voice, as exploited in this all-talking film, must seem pretty thin. It has a flat tonal quality, achieving in dramatic moments a certain maidenly squeak hardly resonant with feeling.

This is a circus picture, but the photographic possibilities of the big top, so well used in "Four Devils," are lacking. Miss Bow is shown as a humble performer in an equestrienne act who is troubled with an unrequited passion for the headline tight-rope walker. She informs this gentleman of an unfortunate contretemps in his private life, breaking the news just as he is about to perform. He is so unnerved by her words that he falls and seriously hurts himself. One would imagine that he might resent her importunity, but, on the contrary, the catastrophe eventually leads to their happy union.

In the meanwhile, she is called on to save his professional reputation by substituting for him. To the cult, the spectacle of Miss Bow on the wire will doubtless compensate for many ills and pains of ordinary life. Unconverted cynics will suspect that this is just a double anyway, and that the rest of the nonsense is a little worse than average.

"PICCADILLY" is showing at the Little Carnegie Playhouse, and has

"for soothing savage breasts

music and other things have their charms," said the clever cinema customer, "but for the panting chest of a torrid new yorker, theres nothing like the coolth and restful entertainment

at the rivoli—

mid the murmuring pines and the hemlocks you can see dolores del rio as "evangeline" . . . a broad with the acadians by h. w. longfellow and united artists

at the rialto

is ensconced that yellow peril "the mysterious dr. fu manchu" in which paramount proves how really damned clever these chinese are

at the criterion

the screen is still adorned by "four feathers"... interesting trophies from paramount's huge nest which this time treed in africa

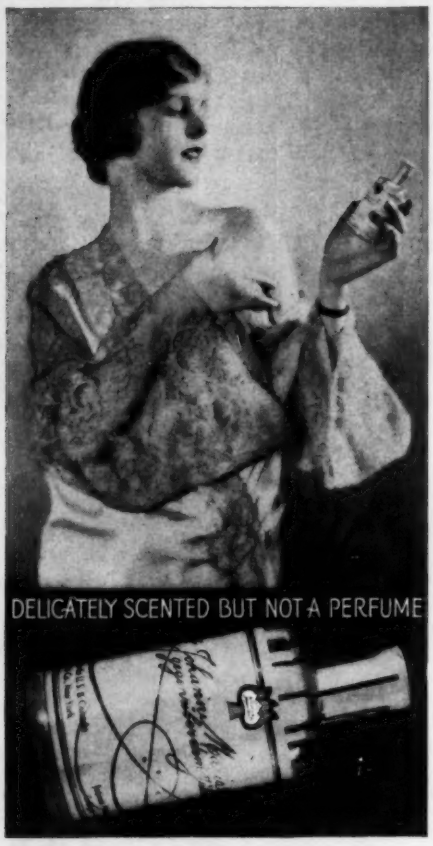
at the paramount

is "dangerous curves" featuring clara bow or vice versa . . . it all depends upon where you sit . . . created by paramount for public pleasure. the customers may also hear the resonance of paul ash's voice and jesse crawford's organ

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

For 220 years the SECRET of delicacy



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Since its creation in 1709 by Johann Maria Farina, only two men at any one time have known its formula, but millions of smart Continentals have known its sureness.

And now alert New Yorkers have discovered it as a quick freshener, a tingling rub-down after the bath, a gentle astringent, a valued aid in travelling, and a widely useful toilette complement.

At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U. S. A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

Now! A really luxurious Shaving Lotion Soothes—smooths—heals the nicks. As fine as the cologne which forms its base. Ask at the better shops for *Farina's Red Crest Shaving Lotion*. Price $1.

FARINA'S
RED CREST
COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER
Look for the Red Crest

its moments, though there are long sequences in the middle of the film when it lags sadly. The picture is based on a story by Arnold Bennett, and features Gilda Gray and Anna May Wong; it is the performance of the latter which gives value to the whole affair.

This is a drama of London night life—of a night club much resembling the famous Embassy Club, and of Limehouse, that mysterious region which appears to underlie the firm fabric of British society. Miss Wong and Miss Gray are both dancers at the club, and the proprietor's growing interest in his Oriental entertainer leads to such disasters that he retires, at last, to become the manager of a country inn.

Gilda Gray does not register particularly well; in fact, it is in her scenes that the film lapses most. Miss Wong is superb, in her fashion. Her impassive little face is delightful, and manages to convey a great deal more than all the eloquent glances of the Occidentals about her.

Without being any great thriller, "Piccadilly" is good entertainment.

"TWIN BEDS," which opened at the Strand, is a hodgepodge of the old bedroom farce, of the prevalent fashion for backstage stories with musical numbers, and of the sentimental comedy of good-hearted plain people. The mélange is a bore.

It is possibly not quite as much of a bore as "Pleasure Crazed," which appeared at the Roxy. Even the audience laughs at—not with—this production. In spite of a number of familiar professional names on the program, the story, the direction, and the acting suggest that the dramatic club of some summer school chipped in its savings to bribe a Hollywood producer to do his best by the members. It is completely amateur. —J. C. M.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From an Alice Foote MacDougall menu*]

And my staff find the respite in the small but none-the-less effective additions to the routine of Service we offer. The unexpected playing of the Wedding March as the bride of a few hours steps on the dance floor, the special linen, china, and glass that we use for reservations at luncheon or at dinner, the high-chairs and menu for dear little children: these, and an infinite number of other personal attentions make the day's responsibility a little lighter for my staff and give you, oh, dear my guest, a feeling that back of the Coffee Houses is an interested and understanding spirit.

NEW YORK *to and from* CALIFORNIA
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NEW *S. S. Virginia* and *S. S. California* (largest steamers ever built under the American flag), or the popular *S. S. Mongolia*. 13 days Coast-to-Coast—5,000 miles over breeze-fanned seas. Fortnightly via Havana, Panama Canal, San Diego (Coronado Beach), Los Angeles, San Francisco—in either direction.

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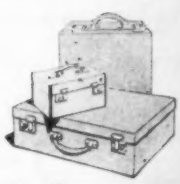

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(This Is not a Correspondence Course)

YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

Directory on Canvas
—Phryne's New Rig

SOME of the distinguishing marks which the racing yachts wear on their sails will doubtless confuse the visitor who goes to Larchmont during Race Week. The new and numerous Atlantic Coast One-Design Class displays a large black "A" near the top of the mainsail; below, in equally large letters, are the initials of the fleet to which the particular sloop belongs; and below that is shown the number under which the boat races in the class.

It is really quite a directory. "A B C 11," when seen on the mainsail of a racing sloop, means that the boat is an Atlantic Coast one-designer, belonging to the Beach Club at Greenwich, and that her racing number is eleven.

THE Star Class, more numerous still, is easy. Just look for the five-pointed star at the top of the mainsail. If it is red, you are looking at an ordinary Star boat; if it is gold, you are looking at one that has held the class championship. If it is Star No. 1, the boat is George Corry's Little Dipper, the first and most famous Star in the class. If it is Star No. 626, it is young Larry Reybine's Lout, the latest addition to the vast family. So many have come to Larchmont to race that they have to be started in two divisions.

SHOULD you see a fleet of twenty or more small sloops, closely bunched, every hull a different color, with apple-green, mauve, and fire-department red among them, you need not look at the insignia on the mainsails. These are the Sound Interclubs. Those who follow the regattas on the Sound quickly learn to tell an Interclub a mile off. The colors in this class would put a flower show to shame.

The Interclubs have become the sportiest racing group on the Sound. Nearly every owner is a first-rate skipper. When they start, they go over the line like a pack of racehorses

GIVE 'EM SOMETHING *NOW*

THERE are certain orthodox persons who think they must wait for an Occasion in order to gratify that natural human impulse to give somebody a present.

Their lives are dreary affairs—long, arid stretches between one Occasion and another in which every generous impulse is needlessly stifled.

In an effort to correct this sad situation, our Altruistic Department has inaugurated a special Give-Somebody-Something Week to be observed whenever you have a generous impulse.

Of course, observance of this Week immediately raises the question of *what* to give; so our far-sighted Altruistic Department, realizing that it would be called upon for suggestions, sent out several million questionnaires to determine the most acceptable and generally appreciated gift on the market.

This survey revealed a great many significant things: that lots of otherwise nice dinner parties become a bit awkward when the conversation turns to the theatre, books or music; that many otherwise eligible bachelors are woefully vague about places to dine and dance; that countless Americans east of the Atlantic and west of the Hudson don't know What's Going On in New York; that many bright women don't know about the very smartest shops; that many bright men haven't said anything amusing for months, what with being so busy that they forgot to buy their copy of THE NEW YORKER until the newsstands were all sold out.

When this information was all carefully tabulated, there was only one conclusion to be drawn. Our Altruistic Department, quite unmindful of any material gain, promptly drew it, along with the dotted lines below.

Attention—Altruistic Department

THE NEW YORKER, 7-20
25 West 45th Street, New York

I have just had a generous impulse and wish to observe Give-Somebody-Something Week. Please enter subscription to THE NEW YORKER *as indicated:*

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PERMANENT WAVE
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It means a great deal, these warm days, to get a Permanent *very comfortably*. We know that—from the popularity of our salons. Our new machines are easy and light on the head permitting you to phone or read and move about.
It is indeed a double joy—to get such a beautiful, lasting wave so *comfortably*.

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Knickers of imported Linen, $10. Flannels, $12 upward

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breaking from a barrier. At the finish, they are never far apart.

THE owners of the new Atlantic Coast boats think their sloops are faster than the Interclubs, and have scheduled a series of Sunday team races to settle the issue. The American Yacht Club at Rye held the first, and in this the mahogany one-designers carried off most of the points, though Donald Cowl's Interclub Erma was the first home. There will be other team races for these two classes and I rather think the Interclubs will come out ahead. The Atlantic one-designers are shy of smart skippers. They don't put on the split-second starts that the Interclub sailors revel in. At the Indian Harbor Yacht Club's regatta, some Atlantic Coast boats were a quarter of a mile to leeward of the line when the starting gun sounded. An Interclub skipper who faltered like that would be laughed out of the class.

Also, an Interclub skipper who flew a protest flag on the wrong side of the mast—the port shrouds, no less—would receive some dark looks from his classmates. It was the youthful skipper of the Hera who committed this minor error at Greenwich. By way of atonement, he introduced a really new note in yachting attire—nothing from the waist up and an old opera hat for a sunshade. Another skipper in the ten-metre division can match him. He affects the same deshabille above the belt and tops it off with a derby hat. Black, not brown.

H. WILMER HANAN was one of the owners of a New York Thirty when that class came out twenty-five years ago. He bought back the boat, Nautilus, this spring to celebrate the class anniversary. His son, H. Wilmer, Jr., who is sailing her, won at Greenwich from Oriole, Alera, and Phryne.

The case of Phryne is different. Her original owner was J. P. Morgan. Two seasons ago Mr. Morgan tried the new Marconi rig on Phryne, but the rest of the class didn't take the hint. So Sidney Ballou has Phryne this season, and she's back in the gaff rig for the anniversary. —BINNACLE

•

PRESIDENT GOMEZ CLAIMS VENEZUELA IS ENTIRELY CALM—*Headline in the Christian Science Monitor.*

Oh well, for that matter, so are we.

TO MY SMALL SON, WADING

This is the cruellest thing the years have done—
That my so trusted self turns false to me,
Leaves me unguarded, with defeat begun,
On a bleak desert of propriety.
Here is the bitterest dose that time has poured—
Most highly seasoned with incredible gall:
Not conscience (which may sometimes be ignored),
But consciousness, makes cowards of us all!

Therefore, my son, I am not brave enough
To do the thing I most should like to do—
Cast off this dignity, this silly bluff,
And splash sublimely in the mud, with you—
Because sane people, passing me, would stare
And cackle, "Well—what *are* you doing there?"

—Sara Henderson Hay

•

MORE GAMES FOR THE MASSES

WE can think of no time when games for jaded New Yorkers are more sorely needed than when trying to crash a big movie theatre. The following will undoubtedly afford endless amusement during the tedious waits until you gain your seat, and if enterprising managers know what they're about, they will ask the ushers, doormen, etc., to coöperate with you in every way while playing.

"*Box-Office Simple Simon*" is nothing but the good old game in modern dress and is played on the sidewalk as you wait in line for your tickets. The doorman is "Simple Simon." He must immediately be obeyed by those in line when he commands loudly, "Simple Simon says 'Hands up!'" or "Simple Simon says 'Fall down!'" If, however, he simply shouts "Hands up!" or "Fall down!" without saying "Simple Simon," those customers caught doing so are forced to go to the end of

• •

A tan put on with a powder that bathing won't take off!

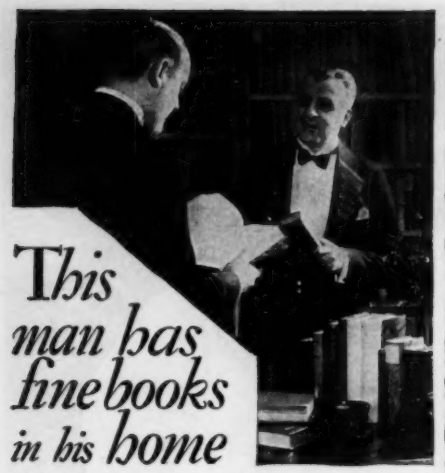
Smart women everywhere have adopted a new way of tanning. Instead of going through the old ordeal of burning and freckling and passing through several stages of unsightly coloring, they are using an amazing new powder and getting a perfect tan in two minutes!

Glory of the Sun is not a mere "tan powder," but a *powder that tans!* It produces a perfectly natural-like tan of just the degree you want, according to the amount of powder you use.

And it won't rub off on your clothes. You can dance, motor, play tennis or golf, *even go bathing*, without affecting it. Soap and water or cream are the only things that remove it, when it's easily renewed in two minutes. Protects from sunburn and freckling.

Two shades: Light for blondes; Dark for brunettes. Large box $2.00 at all toilet goods counters. Carlê Inc., Chanin Bldg., New York City.

Have a tan without tanning
GLORY OF THE SUN - *Powder*



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the line. This game will not only keep one in gales of merriment but in excellent physical condition as well.

"*Lobby Tug o' War*" is played, as the title suggests, when you are already herded inside the lobby and beginning to feel like giving up Clara Bow for a game of bridge. In this pastime the customers are divided by the ushers into two groups: "the buffs" and "the blues" or, if class distinctions are to be made, "the orchestras" and "the balconies." Each side, facing the other, grasps the rope it is tied in with, and a real tug of war ensues, with the ushers as cheer leaders and the departing customers on the balcony of the lobby as spectators. The side pulling the other down is afforded first chance of entering the theatre. In case the rope breaks during the struggle, so much the better, as there is now nothing to prevent everyone from going into the auditorium.

"*Cinema Bowling*" is played after you have progressed inside the theatre and are standing directly behind the last row of seats. Small, wooden balls are distributed by the ushers, and upon these you inscribe your name, and, if you think anyone is interested, your telephone number. Each player takes his turn in hurling his ball down the aisle. The ball found nearest the orchestra pit wins the prize for its owner: in this case, first choice of a seat. This sport becomes even more hilarious in the balcony, where a very good player can hurl his ball with such speed as to make it sail over the balcony and hit someone seated below, causing no end of merriment in the orchestra.

UNDOUBTEDLY these games have the disadvantage that the unsuccessful player stands very little chance of getting a seat, but on the other hand, think of the adept's thrill when, after weeks of earnest practice, he looks down upon his scorecard (distributed to every customer by an enterprising management) and finds that he now makes his place in forty-eight minutes and twenty-nine seconds, although it formerly took him an hour and thirty-seven minutes. Surely such honest effort deserves a prize, and if the management is wise, these will be awarded at the end of the month to the best scorecards turned in. A life-size picture of Paul Ash, an embroidered program-holder, or one of the chandeliers are but a few of the many fitting awards that may be offered.

—FLOSSIE JANE BLUMBERG

• •

CHAGRIN

Exemplifications of Extreme Mental Vexation Recently Set Down by the Newspapers

LOCALE	VICTIM	SITUATION	VEXATION
New York	Attorney Leslie Salter	Prosecuting a night-club hostess, he said, "I fear for the perpetuity of this great land, if you twelve fine men fail to convict."	They failed to convict.
Norwalk, Conn.	Fire Chief Bogartus	A grand ball was held in his honor, because the town had never had a fire	Three fires the next day.
London	Ex-Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin	Put on a violent campaign to "Buy Empire Goods"	The *Star* disclosed he used American cigarettes exclusively.
Yakima, Wash.	Henry Lemuel	Worked and saved for one year, then burned up his overalls, and went out to have a good time	Found he had burned up his money with his overalls.
Evanston, Ill.	Geno di Servi, Dogcatcher	Attempted to seize a muzzleless dog standing on a lawn	Dog was cast-iron, and Servi sprained three fingers.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

TO say "I live at the new Hotel Delmonico" is to say "I understand the art of fine living."

Leasing from October first with August occupancy.

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INC.
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EST. 1863

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A distinctive fountain service where dainty sandwiches and delicious drinks are certain to please the most discriminating.

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AN ARMY OF PATRONS
FELTMANS
Coney Island

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

Sweetness Returns With A Heavy Sugar Content

SOME of the customers may think that all songs written nowadays are theme songs—but after considerable research I have compiled a list of ditties composed, apparently, without reference to any singie. Almost all of the current airs that are not associated with stage or screen show the crooning influence, not only in the music but even in the texts. I daresay that the M. Vallée is at least partly responsible for the return of sweetness, if not of light, to popular songs.

HERE are twenty new ones for your inspection. Most of them may be cooed, which makes them particularly apposite for the season.

WHEN WE GET TOGETHER IN THE MOONLIGHT. The idea is that we get on fine under lunar auspices. A good lilt.

YOU OUGHT TO SEE MY NEW BABY. And, of course, what a baby! Refined, rhythmic rejoicings.

BASHFUL BABY. Persuasive cajolings for less diffidence. Exceptionally good for short-range crooning.

A LITTLE COAT OF TAN. One of the few topical excursions of the day. A lively tune, of course, and well adapted for home-made parodies.

I WANT TO MEANDER IN THE MEADOW. A pretty specimen of bucolic nostalgia. Excellent for dancing, if anybody still does.

MASQUERADE. A rather dramatic effort, which goes best after midnight.

NOTHIN' BUT LOVE. Odd harmonies, well put together, under a straightforward arioso.

NOW I'M IN LOVE. Love still goes well, it seems. Good emoshe.

JUST YOU AND ME AND LOVE. An interesting trinity, expertly expounded.

I WAS NOT SO PARTICULAR. A nifty little affair, in which somebody's virtues are extolled by way of a back-handed compliment.

YOU WANT LOVIN' BUT I WANT LOVE. There is a nice distinction in this title. One of the best of the recent intimate chansons.

FINDING THE LONG WAY HOME. A gracious melody without the tenuosity that the lyric might seem to demand.

SOME DAY YOU'LL REALIZE YOU'RE WRONG. A new twist to the "wrong" theme. An adroit bit of lyrical finger-shaking.

WHERE ARE YOU, DREAM GIRL? The search for the perfect She continues to a hopeful tune.

RED HAIR AND FRECKLES. Cheerful panegyric for those who do not prefer blondes, brunettes, or little gray mothers.

FOR MOLLY AND ME. Molly hasn't had a break lately, but this ought to put her back in the running.

THE ALBUM OF MY DREAMS. Good restatement of a sure-fire notion.

IN THE HUSH OF NIGHT. "Night" seems

Please Let Me Dream In Your Arms

Ben Bernie at his best—fiddlin' around with a petting proposition that's hard on the heart but easy on the feet. Guaranteed to change any Hesitatin' Hannah to an Acquiescent Aggie.

Here We Are

Bounding nimbly from oboe to trumpet, Ben scatters a shower of blue notes that would make an Acrobat out of an Octogenarian or a Ballroom Benny out of a Bishop. #4385

to inspire composers to lavish passages and this is full of them. However, it is not, as the old saw sliced it, "most music-hall, most melancholy."

THE BOOMERANG. Not an adventure—unless it's an amorous one. One of the best of the new dance items.

FLEURETTE. A waltz in the latest manner. It sings well, and pianists who haven't practiced since they battled with the "Scarf Dance" and the like will find it quite tractable. —POP

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

GENTLEMEN:

Please be advised that at 2 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, June 15, the inventor of a life-saving suit, which is of the type that is inflated, will give a demonstration of this suit by jumping off the Battery Wall. The . . .

ATHOL MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Athol, Massachusetts.

DEAR SIR:

A great hindrance to human progress is PROCRASTINATION. Most of us leave for tomorrow the things that should be done to . . .

F. N. DAVENPORT, D.D.S.,
119 West 57 Street.

DEAR SIR:

I have no hesitancy in submitting this offer in connection with a product of such super-excellence, to even the elect of "Who's Who." This is a sample of . . .

HARPER ILLUSTRATING SYNDICATE,
Columbus, Ohio.

DEAR SIR:

Many believe that Herbert Hoover was elected President of the United States *because he was "internationally minded."* And the ESSENTIAL VALUE of "international mindedness" reaches . . .

THE LIVING AGE,
Established 1844.

EDITOR:

[A telegram, this] WHEN STEAMSHIP ASIA DOCKS NINE OCLOCK TUESDAY MORNING THIRTY FIRST STREET BROOKLYN NINETEEN SICILIAN AND SARDINIAN DONKEYS WILL DISEMBARK STOP SEVENTEEN BELONG . . .

FRANCO BELGIQUE TOURS CO
427P

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DESIGN YOUR OWN APARTMENT

The better informed people are insisting upon apartments designed for their own needs and tastes. Now it is possible to have this privilege in a RENTAL building. Here you can have double height ceilings, full length windows, room-sized closets, colored bathrooms—and anything else you can imagine wanting in an apartment . . . if you act now before construction starts. A Merowit Building—to be completed Summer of 1930.

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44 GRAMERCY PARK North

"He said the taxi game isn't what it used to be."

"How peculiar. . . ."

"Said that so many folks have given up shopping tours for theatre tickets. They've discovered Bascom and snap 'em up at the first stop. . . ."

Bascom branches at 1511 Broadway, The Biltmore, Plaza, Savoy-Plaza, Vanderbilt, Belmont, Commodore, Astor and Murray Hill

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SUPPER AND DANCING
DINNER DE LUXE TWO FIFTY
NO COVER CHARGE
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RECENT BOOKS

The Other War—Three Little Girls Too Far From Home—Naughty Faubourg and Literary Rum Row

TO call Evelyn Scott's book a novel is inaccurate; moreover it is unfair to a woman who has had the originality and imagination to create her own literary form. "The Wave" is an achievement that could only have been accomplished by a writer of enormous vigor and remarkable talent.

The task to which Miss Scott put herself was an appalling one. This book is the Civil War; not the waxworks war of the conventional historical novel, but the war that you may vaguely sense in old houses and in the casually remembered anecdotes of very old people. It is not a war of generals, a cause, or a president, but a catastrophe that overwhelmed millions of individuals.

Miss Scott has isolated thousands of these individuals and given you a brief, dramatic glimpse of them at that moment in their lives when the blow of the war struck them with its full force. Here is a southern sewing circle, here a soldier going into battle, here a Polish immigrant, here a rebellious, misunderstanding Irishman. These people are not presented to you in sketches or—and may you be smitten down in thinking so—in a series of short stories. Each of these episodes is a chapter from a novel; each character is a fully imagined and completely felt creation.

Naturally, in discarding the conventional novel form Miss Scott has lost something. She has gained a new world but lost an old soul. For all its high level of excellence, for all the breadth of its imagination, "The Wave" has no great cumulative emotion, no fine sweep, nor one fine flash of penetration; but, be it to her eternal credit, Miss Scott has transcended any taint of stunt writing. Her vitality and her adventurous spirit are admirably controlled by the conscience of an artist.

STUNT writing at its best worst goes berserk in "See How They Run." For example (and no smug, restricting mid-Victorian commas, please): "Now we three are in New York. Our virgin bodies our virgin hopes and our suitcases. We are free of protection. We are free of security. We take our breath in small exquisite gusts as we smell the freedom which is ours. Taxi. Taxi. Hie there taxi. Take these three bodies these three hopes and these three suitcases to this address."

As you can see, Helen Grace Carlisle's novel is the story of three virgins (and chorus girls) and their three virginal suitcases in New York. Three chorus girls with bodies; one lavender-tinted, one tawny, and one unspecified—probably a French nude. A great many things happen to these girls, most of which cannot be recorded on this beautiful white page. The three girls yearn—they yearn so vividly and insistently that they will probably yearn the book out of Boston and get it acclaimed in those circles where literature is looked upon as something that begins where the tabloids leave off.

WHAT with rum-runners keeping diaries and French ladies remembering things that might have been forgotten, but weren't, thank goodness, the books of souvenirs are not precisely dull. On the whole, the Frenchwoman, Madame E. de Gramont, has had a more exciting, a more dangerous life than the rum-runner. Life was naughtier and gayer for a *jeune fille* of the old Faubourg St. Germain than for the "supercargo," Alastair Mornay, on a ship laden with whiskey.

In French, the title of Madame de Gramont's memoirs was "Au Temps des Equipages," a much more eloquent name than "Pomp and Circumstance." The ex-Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre writes sharply, swiftly, and vivaciously of the days when ballet girls were dangerous, when a Worth gown cost the extravagant sum of nine hundred francs, when London was in the grip of the aesthetes, and when Paris was French. She writes, too, of literary and political personages, but she is much more amusing with her little sketches of her own immediate and numerous family. Hers is a witty and flippant memory.

Louis Bromfield has written an introduction to the book, in which he kisses her hand, Madame.

"THE DIARY OF A RUM-RUNNER" is more sedate, but we ought to be grateful to all the brave lads who risk their lives and safety for

JOHN DAVID

Fashions For Men

STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES
KNOX HATS
MEN'S FURNISHINGS
MALLORY HATS

Dine And Dance With Comfort In The New

Double-Breasted "Nonchalant" Warm-Weather Dinner Jacket

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Extremely light-weight; porous; cool; Skeleton silk-lined—$55.

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Court Street At Remsen
Fulton Street At Smith

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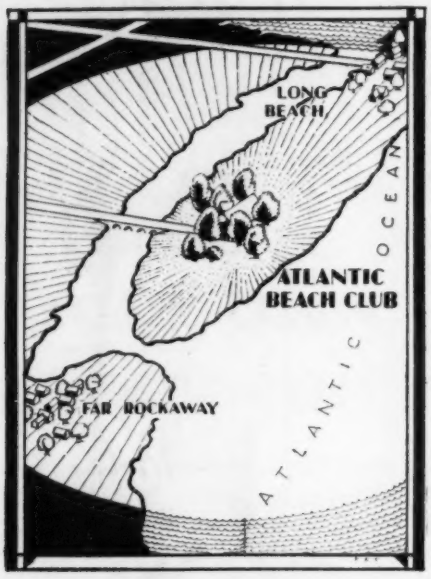
A DIP IN THE SEA
A DINNER *for* KINGS
A DANCE *to the* MAGIC OF RUDY VALLÉE

THESE are among the pleasures for members of the new Atlantic Beach Club.

A beautiful new club house adjoining a large private beach offers the finest in food, comfortable rooms for private dinner parties, a spacious dance floor, card room, and many other delightful advantages. A swimming pool of the most modern type is a friendly rival of the ocean.

And such evenings are in store! Rudy Vallée and his orchestra add the final reason why the Atlantic Beach Club is the most desirable organization of its kind.



MEMBERSHIP NOW OPEN

Until the quota is filled memberships will be considered in order of inquiries received. Only thoroughly desirable members will be accepted.

The Atlantic Beach Club is located on the most attractive sector of Long Island's shore line, between Long Beach and Far Rockaway. It will be open to members at all times of the day and evening.

IMPORTANT!

This announcement will appear in the New Yorker only. By sending a note or a card you will be given complete information about rates, and all further details about the club. There is no obligation whatsoever.

Address inquiries to box KEL New Yorker 25 West 45th St., N. Y. C.

ATLANTIC BEACH CLUB
ATLANTIC BEACH, L. I.

our selfish pleasures. Alastair Mornay whiled away the tedium on board the Cask by playing chess and learning pretty tunes on the concertina. "When the enterprising burglar isn't burgling, isn't burgling." Around him raged mutiny and danger, but Mr. Mornay sublimated himself in his Art. The ship was far from comfortable, it was subject to all sorts of small accidents, and the bootleggers added further annoyance by bargaining over the cargo and making unreasonable demands for free samples. As a story, Mr. Mornay's diary is not as thrilling as the Chicago school of adventure, but it throws a light on one of the obscure phases of a great industry.

As for "Paying Guests," by E. F. Benson, there is nothing to say except that if you want light fiction, this is the sort you want. It is fun in a boarding house at an English spa, and some of the bridge games between the inmates are the funniest that have ever been chronicled, with the exception of Ring Lardner's in "Round Up." Incidentally, this is the safest book we know to send to persons sailing for Europe, crossing the continent, or having their tonsils out—A. W. S.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

The Wave, by Evelyn Scott (*Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*). Panorama of the Civil War and a study of a catastrophe. A literary achievement.

Paying Guests, by E. F. Benson (*Doubleday, Doran*). Fun in a boarding house. Amusing, and no strain on the brain.

See How They Run, by Helen Grace Carlisle (*Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*). Stunt writing about three yearning chorus girls.

The Seven Vices, by Guglielmo Ferrero (*Harcourt, Brace*). Novel of Rome in the eighteen-nineties; bouncing, vigorous, and entertaining.

Fish Preferred, by P. G. Wodehouse (*Doubleday, Doran*). The sort of book that makes your day.

Dark Duel, by Marguerite Steen (*Stokes*). Realistic picture of London's artistic set; and a good story.

A Man Scans His Past, by M. Constantin-Weyer (*Macaulay*). A Frenchman writes exceedingly well of his adventures in the Canadian Northwest. The Goncourt Prize novel of 1929.

Visitors to Hugo, by Alice Grant Rosman (*Minton, Balch*). Nice respectable reading for the veranda.

Less recent:

Portrait of a Spy, by E. Temple Thurston.
Vivandière!, by Phoebe Fenwich Gaye.
The Lady of Laws, by Susanne Traut-

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Two to Four Room Suites in the Addition, Furnished or Unfurnished—Attractive Rentals

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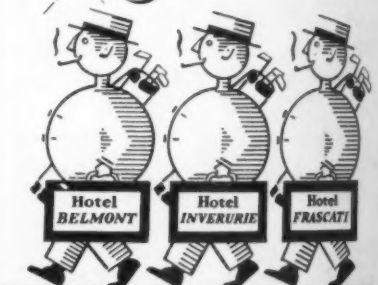
3 WISE MEN



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wein. LITTLE CAESAR, by W. R. Burnett. CRESCENDO, by Ethel Mannin. PAGAN INTERVAL, by Frances Winwar. THE MOUNTAIN TAVERN, by Liam O'Flaherty. SALT WATER TAFFY, by Corey Ford. ILLUSION, by Arthur Train. TIDES, by Count Edouard von Keyserling. THE BOROUGHMONGER, by R. H. Mottram. WOLF SOLENT, by John Cowper Powys. NO LOVE, by David Garnett. YOUNG MRS. GREELEY, by Booth Tarkington. ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, by Erich Maria Remarque.

MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

MALICE DOMESTIC, by William Roughead (*Doubleday, Doran*).... THE JEFFERSON SECRET, by Richard Blaker (*Doubleday, Doran*).... THE DOCTOR WHO HELD HANDS, by Hulbert Footner (*Doubleday, Doran*).... THE BLACK CAMEL, by Earl Derr Biggers (*Bobbs-Merrill*).... A TAP ON THE SHOULDER, by Morrison Dupree (*Doubleday, Doran*).... DETECTIVE DUFF UNRAVELS IT, by Harvey O'Higgins (*Liveright*).... THE BAGSHOT MYSTERY, by Oscar Gray (*Macaulay*).... THE GREEN TOAD, by W. S. Masterman (*Dutton*).

GENERAL

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE, by Madame E. de Gramont (*Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*). The gay recollections of a Frenchwoman with one of those Heaven-sent memories.

THE DIARY OF A RUM-RUNNER, by Alastair Mornay (*Houghton Mifflin*). Further insight into the workings of a great industry.

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY, by Juanita Tanner (*Bobbs-Merrill*). An intelligent man doesn't need one. You are supposed to guess who the author is.

FROM DEAUVILLE TO MONTE CARLO, by Basil Woon (*Liveright*). Guidebook for those who will never go there.

POPE OR MUSSOLINI, by John Hearley (*Macaulay*). Anyway, the author is equally prejudiced against both of them.

WAR BUGS, by Charles MacArthur (*Doubleday, Doran*). Hitherto suppressed adventures of the Rainbow Division. Very funny slapstick comedy.

TRACKING DOWN THE ENEMIES OF MAN, by Dr. Arthur Torrance (*Sears*). Through Africa and Asia with gun and quinine.

Less recent:

JOHN D.: A Portrait in Oils, by John K. Winkler. FOCH SPEAKS, by Major Charles Bugnet. THE WATERS OF AFRICA, by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WITH EARL HAIG, by Sergeant T. Secrett. WHERE PARIS DINES, by Julian Street. THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY, by Will Durant. RATTLING THE CUP ON CHICAGO CRIME, by Edward D. Sullivan. ANDREW JOHNSON, by Lloyd Paul Stryker. A PREFACE TO MORALS, by Walter Lippmann.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

The 267-foot craft was christened by Mrs. Manville as she slipped down the ways.

Even when teeth are white

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

***4 out of 5 Neglect the Gums and Surrender Health to Pyorrhea**

DANGER seems so remote when teeth are white. But, as your dentist will tell you, teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And diseases that attack the gums seldom reveal their presence until too late.

So start taking proper care of the gums to preserve teeth and safeguard health from dread Pyorrhea—the disease of neglect that ravages 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Every morning and every night, when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for this purpose—Forhan's for the Gums.

Within a few days you'll notice an improvement in the way your gums look and feel. In addition, your teeth will look cleaner and whiter. For while this dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them youthful (the surest safeguard against Pyorrhea) it also cleans teeth and protects the crevices where decay so often begins.

Get This Good Habit

Remember, nobody's *immune*. And the safeguard against disease is proper daily care and a semi-annual visit to your dentist.

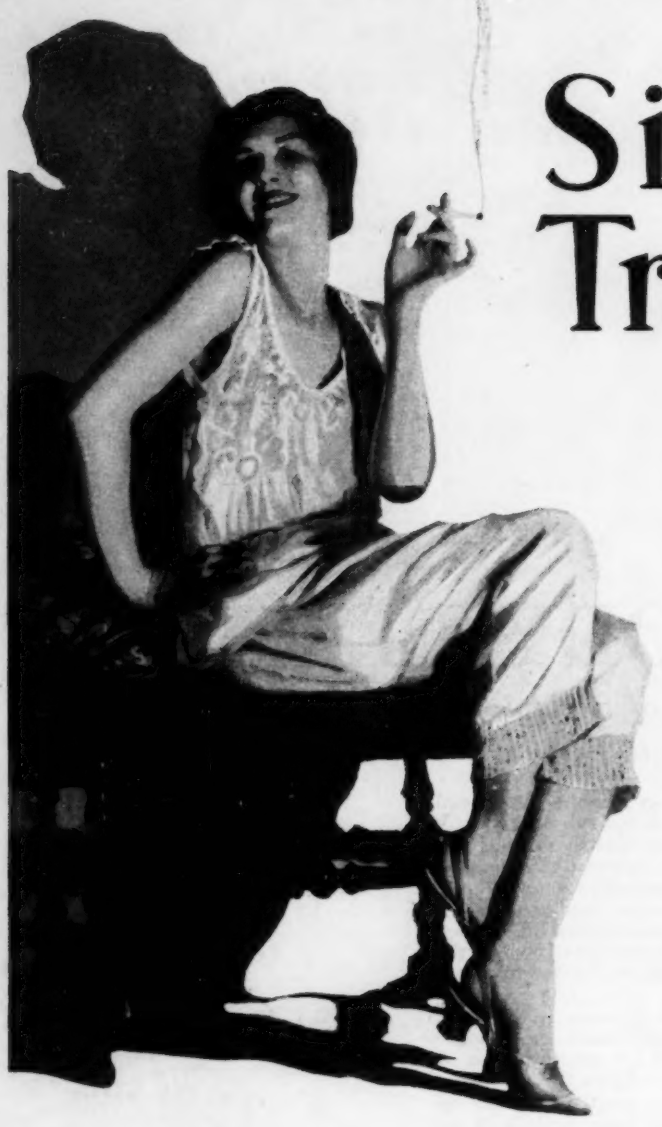
Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes — 35c and 60c. Start using it, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. It will protect their health. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



Simplified Traveling

ONE doesn't carry so much these days! Undies are abbreviated and the new sun-tan backs have taken such a lot out of the gowns.

One doesn't think of using pajamas only to sleep in any more—I should say not! On the beaches, you know, and lounging 'round in place of the fluffy old negligees.

Makes a wardrobe trunk seem sort of loose and lonesome inside. Most any old bag will do, and it makes traveling in the rumble seat twice as easy!

But my handbag, that's my officer's kit, first aid and last. Cigarettes, compact and my tube of Bost—passports to a perfect day!

Have you ever *seen* anything so refreshing as Bost Tooth Paste? Takes the cigarette stain off and starts the day with a song. Don't advertise for a traveling companion—buy Bost, the smoker's friend!

In the jade-and-coral tube

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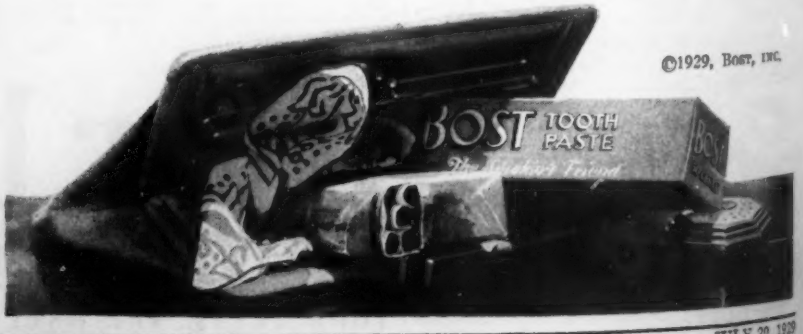
And at all other leading metropolitan and suburban stores



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CADILLAC • •
LA SALLE •
FLEETWOOD

NO INDEED ALL CARS ARE NOT ALIKE

Publicity and propaganda would seem to make all motor cars pretty much alike in the service they render. Of course a moment's serious thought immediately disposes of any such idea. It is perfectly obvious that varying types and prices must mean varying performance. In their ability to go somewhere and safely return, all motor cars render a very valuable service. Above and beyond that, however, or added to it, they can render an even greater service—which is to go somewhere and return with the *greatest possible measure of comfort to the traveler.* This service, various motor cars render in varying degrees. There are two motor cars which are conceded to render it in the highest possible degree. As long as the owner of other cars does not know of this greater degree of ease which these two cars provide—as long as he does not realize that the moments and hours which they give are richer, fuller, more refreshing moments and hours—he should, and probably will, remain content. Those who realize, however, that motor car values *are* relative—who wish every moment of motoring to be a golden moment of ease, and efficiency, and refreshment—know perfectly well where to find that which they seek.

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Division of General Motors
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OSHAWA, CANADA

"Reach for a Lucky - instead of a sweet"

Toasting takes out every bit of bite and throat irritation

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

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